Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1789.

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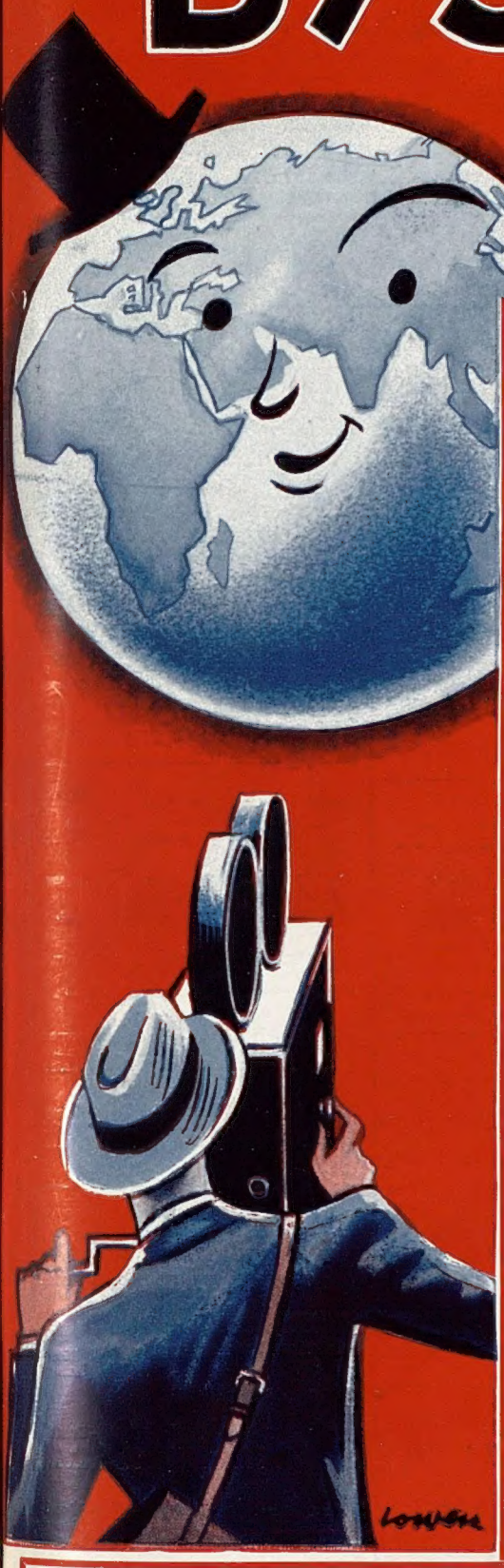

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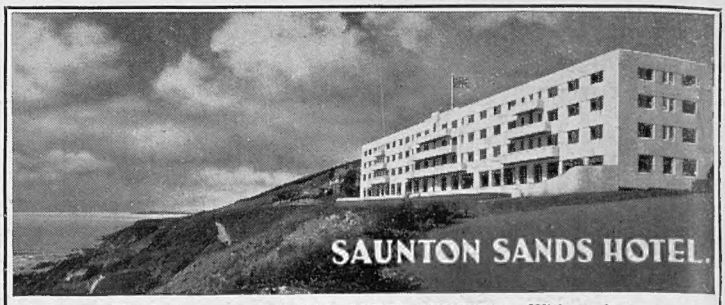

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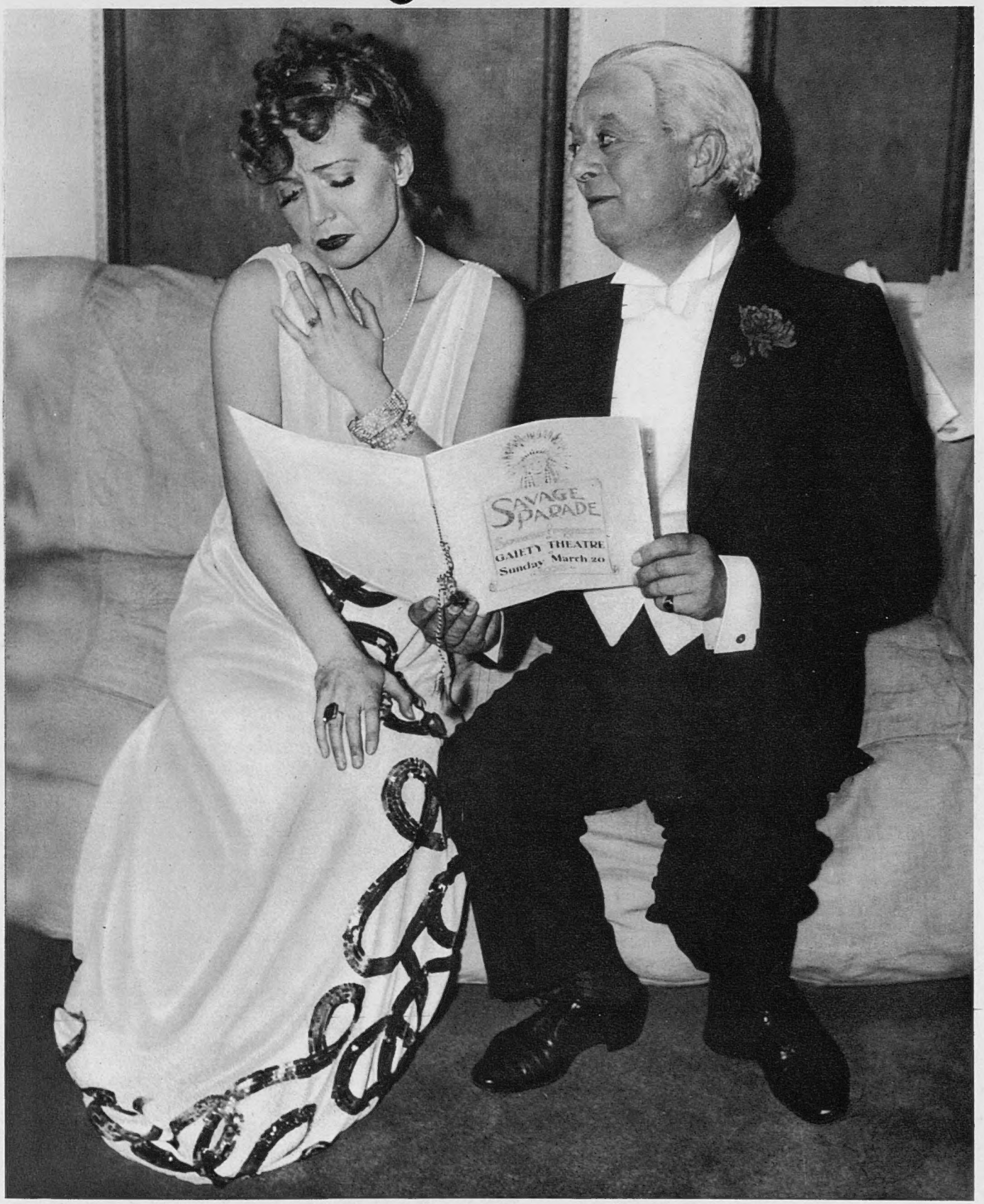
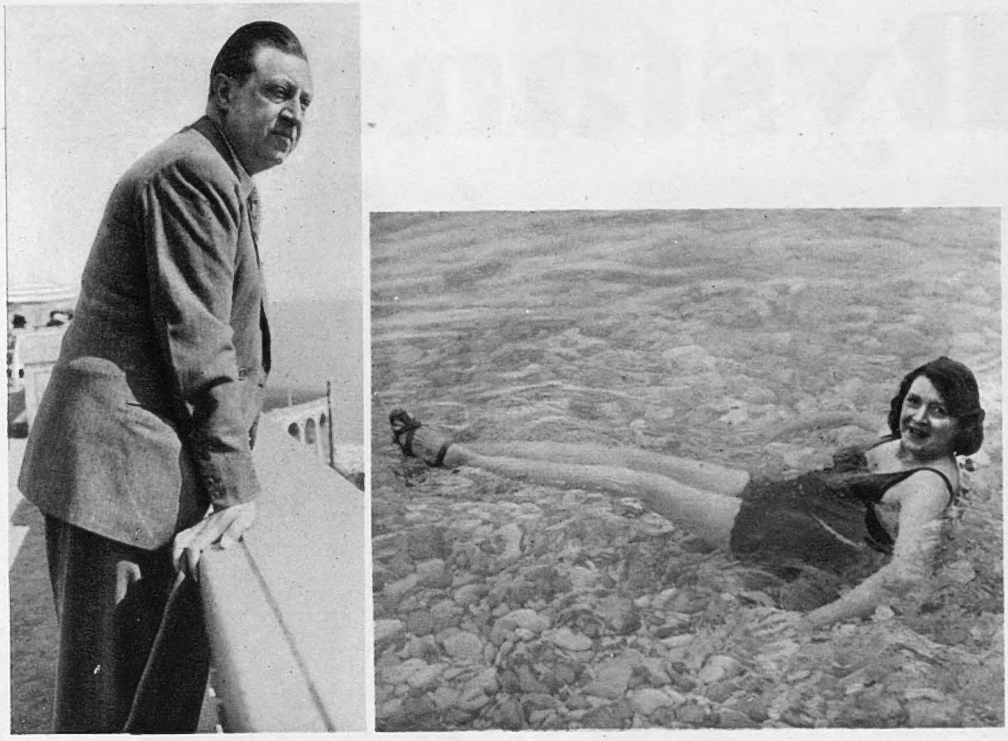


"I Am Not the Marrying Sort"

Florence Garbo Desmond and Leslie Stokowski Henson reviewed the whole difficult marriage problem the other day, for the benefit of the Savage Club's benevolent fund. Everyone's sympathy is with the originals of this mock tête-à-tête—not because Miss Desmond added some new material to her famous Garbo impersonation, and Mr. Henson made Stokowski a topical victim of his mimicry, but because of the publicity persecution they have undergone in Italy. A shy film-star and a first-class conductor are fair game for satire, impersonations, and news paragraphs, especially when their marriage is rumoured. But not to be allowed to sunbathe or walk in a private garden without every bush whirring and clicking with cameras is a horrible penalty to pay for fame



Osbert Sitwell and Viola Tree Take the Riviera Differently

Mr. Sitwell regards Monte Carlo Harbour with a disdain that's more habitual than voluntary. Miss Tree takes her Riviera lying down—in a shallow, translucent patch of Mediterranean. But she was there on holiday, and the author was not; he was there to work on a new book on China. He is inspired by contrasts evidently, since he went East when he was writing about Brighton. His last publication, "Those Were the Days," is one of the spring successes

Lord Burghley's Godfatherly Stride

Champion of physical fitness, nationally and persona Lord Burghley steps briskly across the gravel to car. He had just become godfather to Anthony Dc Arnold William Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. David Forbes'

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister's eagerly-awaited speech on foreign affairs contained only one statement of first-class importance. Having refused to accept the responsibility of giving Czechoslovakia an automatic guarantee of her frontiers, Mr. Chamberlain went on to say that if a war did break out, it might not only be the nations primarily concerned which might be drawn in. That is to say, even those nations which refused to give the automatic guarantee might nevertheless find themselves compelled to fight. The Prime Minister then made a warm reference to our friendship with France, and he made it in such a way that it appeared to be a sort of half-promise: "If France is involved in Czechoslovakia, we shall probably be on the side of France." That seems to be the gist of it.

ON the Spanish war, Mr. Chamberlain emphasised his intention of continuing to negotiate with Signor Mussolini on a gentleman's basis. It is, after all, the only way of conducting a friendly talk. You cannot say to a man, "I want to come to an agreement with you upon our outstanding differences, but I warn you that I am not going to believe a single word you say, because you're a congenital liar." If you must talk to a man, you can only do so on the assumption that he, too, is a gentleman.

THE third important point in the Prime Minister's speech was his insistence upon the acceleration of the arms programme. There is to be an especial speed-up of production of aircraft and anti-aircraft equipment, and this work is to get priority over all commercial industrial work.

THE Prime Minister has already met the Trades Union Congress, and Sir Thomas Inskip is to meet representatives of all the engineering unions early in April, to discuss this speeding up of the output of munitions. This is most emphatically a step in the right direction. Old fogies will remember how in the early days of the last war, both the Government and the Unions were seriously perplexed by the problem of the dilution of skilled labour. The Government rightly wished to speed up production, and the Unions were rightly suspicious of any move which might endanger their hard-won rights. Curiously enough, or from another point of view rightly enough, it was a poet who did as much as anyone in reconciling the two points of view. Mr. J. C. Squire (now Sir John), at his editorial desk in the office of the *New Statesman*, played a big part in bringing Ministers and men together in 1915. But the understanding of the human heart is the very essence of poetry. Every big industrial problem would be more readily settled if the negotiations took place on the slopes of Parnassus.

QUITE a number of the crises of last week in Europe have simmered down, to the astonishment and perplexity of all professional pessimists. The first return even to a hint of sanity was provided by Lithuania when it accepted the terms of the Polish ultimatum. The Polish idea was a good one, in that the "dead frontier" between Poland and Lithuania was a standing menace to European equilibrium. That frontier, after eighteen years, has now been opened by the ultimatum, and at long last the Niemen will be available for carrying Poland's timber to the sea. But the methods of Warsaw are not nearly so praiseworthy as her aims. The victory over Kovno has been bloodless, but it has been without question a victory for the mailed fist, and these are becoming all too common nowadays.

THE absorption of Austria by Germany has quickly become an accepted fact, and internationally the affair is closed. All that is left now is the tragedy of the individual. Austria has vanished, but many hundreds of thousands of Austrians still live. And if there is one art in which the twentieth century is in advance of its predecessors, it is in the art of swiftly liquidating political opponents. So while we in this country can sit back and say that another crisis is safely over, for the moment, at any rate, it would be as well to think from time to time of those tragic men and women for whom the crisis is only beginning.

ANOTHER factor in bringing about a moment of comparative calm in

Julia Neilson Receives Congratulations

Sir Patrick Hannon was the benign chairman of the luncheon at the Dorchester by which Miss Julia Neilson's fifty years on the stage were commemorated last week. Over seven hundred of her friends were there to offer her congratulations, royal tributes were paid, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed her health

Prize-Giving to Film Stars

Luise Rainer has won for the second time running the Motion Picture Academy's prize for the best performance of the year. Spencer Tracy won the man's prize, but was ill, so Mrs. Spencer Tracy represented him. Louis B. Mayer (left) gave the prizes, director Frank Capra helped

Europe is the obstinate determination of the Czechoslovaks not to fly into a panic. They are a stubborn, slow-moving, peasant race, and their stolidity has been very welcome just lately. On the other hand, of the three hitherto non-Nazi German parties in the Prague Governmental Coalition, two have already, since the Austrian coup, abandoned the Coalition and gone over to the Sudeten (Nazi) party. And there is little doubt that the third will soon follow. Dr. Hodza's Government will be seriously handicapped by this realignment.

WHEN Czechoslovakia created itself, and was subsequently recognised by the Peace Treaties, it was understood that a Constitution on the Swiss model was going to be drawn up. This was never done. Hence now the Sudeten stampede for the post of latter-day William Tell.

THE newspapers which are published in the Austrian province of Germany state that a new air-service will be opened soon between Berlin and Bagdad. The distance of about 2300 miles will be covered in twenty-four hours. In the old days it was the Berlin-Bagdad railway which excited the suspicion of our Foreign Office. This looks like a new version of the Drang Nach Osten, and instead of prancing visits by the Kaiser in cuirassier's uniform, we now have birthday telegrams from Herr Hitler to the King of Iraq and the Shah of Iran.

COMMANDER FLETCHER, Socialist member for Nuneaton, has produced within a week two alleged scandals in the rearmament programme which will surely have to be investigated. In the first he alleged that certain second-hand motor-boat engines, costing a fiver or a tenner, had been sold as new to the Admiralty at nearly £4000 apiece. In the second, he attacked with a great deal of alleged circumstantial detail the Bren automatic rifle, which has superseded the Lewis gun in the Army. The Bren is made at Enfield from Czechoslovak patents, and the Commander drew a Phillips Oppenheim picture of the things which he alleged went on at Enfield during the war in the matter of sabotaging new inventions and preventing orders from being carried out. And if anyone is nourishing the theory in his mind that he can extract cash from me for this paragraph under the libel law, let him examine all my pretty "allegeds" and think again.

MR. ROBERT SHERWOOD'S play, *Idiot's Delight*, has come to London at a highly topical moment. For the scene is laid in a hotel near a Central European frontier just at the moment when a war is breaking out, and the curtain goes down on the roar of bombing aeroplanes and the thunder of bombs. The honours of the piece go to Mr. Raymond Massey, as an American impresario, and his six dancing girls. The first-night audience was wildly enthusiastic, and certainly *Idiot's Delight* deserves a long and successful run.

CRIES of pukka indignation reach me from Burma on the subject of wooden railway-carriages. Commenting on the terrible Scottish railway smash some time ago, I said how much better it would be if the carriages had all been made of steel. The Burma boys, patriotic upholders of their native teak, deny this with a good deal of warmth. What was the old Moulmein Pagoda made of anyway? I don't know, and I bet, little reader, that you don't either.

I BETOOK myself to see *Snow White*, and pretty tedious stuff it was. From the point of view of sheer technical skill, the little figures were masterly, but one can have too much of mechanised entertainment. A mechanical picture of a real live girl is dull enough in comparison with the genuine article. But a mechanical picture of a mechanical figure purporting to be a real girl is pure hell.

THE Paris Chamber of Deputies has resolved that in the event of war more than half of their number shall join up and skip out for the front line. This has a two-fold advantage for the Patrie. It increases the strength of the fighting forces, and it more than doubles the efficiency of the Chamber in war-time. It is an idea which might well be applied at St. Stephen's and, better still, in the Cabinet.

THE Director of the Tate Gallery is a very brave man. Disliking the looks of a large chunk of marble shaped like an ostrich's egg and labelled "The Birth of the World," he said so, in no uncertain terms. Furthermore, he roundly declared that it was not a Work of Art and should not be admitted free of duty into the country. (As a Work of Art it would be free; as an ordinary piece of stone it would have to pay.) The hottest blast of indignation which the art-and-crafty boys and girls are capable of emitting from their delicate nostrils is now being discharged in the direction of Millbank. Mr. Manson remains unperturbed.

THE incredible sunshine of March has played the devil with the flower trade. There is a glut of daffodils and narcissi which have not had to struggle against cold winds this year. The reaction will come later, of course, and there is bound to be a gap in which spring and early summer flowers will be scarce. Magnolia stellata, that great snowball of blossom, is in full bloom, to the delight of the amateur photographer, but that is seasonable. In the Temple Gardens, Magnolia conspicua is out, weeks ahead of schedule. (Mr. C. H. Middleton, please copy, if you want the latest news.)

Aintree

Spectators of the Kingdom's Finest Steeplechase

Summer and Winter

Mrs. Wilkinson's white coatee and hat contrasted with Sir Melville Ward's waterproof coat and gloves; Mrs. Corlette Glorney, the American owner, is with them (left). Aintree's first day, difficult to dress for, made it look as if March might go out like a lion

Smart and Smiling

Miss Sheila Graham was a model of a neat racegoer at Aintree. She is Captain Miles Graham and Lady Evelyn Patrick's daughter; came out last year

Cigarettes and a Sling

Lord Burlington, Miss Ann de Trafford (her arm in a sling), and the Hon. Peter Wood walked round on the first day with a purposeful air. She is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's daughter; Lord Burlington is the Duke of Devonshire's grandson, Mr. Wood is the Foreign Secretary's second son

Marking a Card

Lady Frankland stood and watched Capt. Sir Peter Grant Lawson marking his card on the first day when the Stanley Steeplechase provided a great finish. Her husband succeeded to the baronetcy last December

Making for the Paddock

Lord Brackley and Lady Susan Askew are brother and sister, children of Lord and Lady Ellesmere. Her husband, Mr. John Askew, was in the Grenadier Guards

Pleased with Life

Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn (she was Diana Carlos Clarke) were of course there; he to watch J. Moloney riding the horse he had hoped to ride—Delachance

Cannons of Hollywood

Princess Alexander von Croÿ-Dülmen

Princess Alexander von Croÿ-Dülmen was Anne Campbell before her Brompton Oratory wedding last month, and is the daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. William Campbell, and Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth, of Old Warden Park, Biggleswade. Her string of pearls was one of her wedding presents from her mother, who gave her some very lovely jewellery, as did her husband and her mother-in-law. She and her husband went off to Vienna for their honeymoon, took a flat just outside and were going to look for a country place near Vienna as their permanent home — unless political events have changed their plans. The Prince is the younger son of the late Prince Alexander von Croÿ-Dülmen, and Princess Mathilde von Croÿ-Dülmen, who has homes both in Vienna and Czechoslovakia

Social Register

A WEDDING

Barclay-Harvey—Liddell-Grainger

Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, M.P., of Dinnet House, Aberdeenshire, and Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger, sister of the late Earl of Lindsey, and widow of Capt. H. H. Liddell-Grainger, were married in the Crypt Chapel, House of Commons, and have gone to Morocco for their honeymoon

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Michael Weaver and the Hon. Jacqueline Vereker

Michael Herron Weaver and Jacqueline Vereker dined out together the evening their engagement was announced. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. H. Weaver, of Craxton Wood, Ledsham, Wirral, and she is the only daughter of General Viscount Gort, of 17, Stratton Street, W.1. Her brother, the Hon. Charles Vereker, is also engaged, to Miss Yvonne Barnett, and is being married just after Easter

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fane were spending the week-end at Bournemouth staying at the Branksome Tower Hotel. They were married five years ago and have a house in Chelsea. Mrs. Fane was Gladys Lowther

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fane

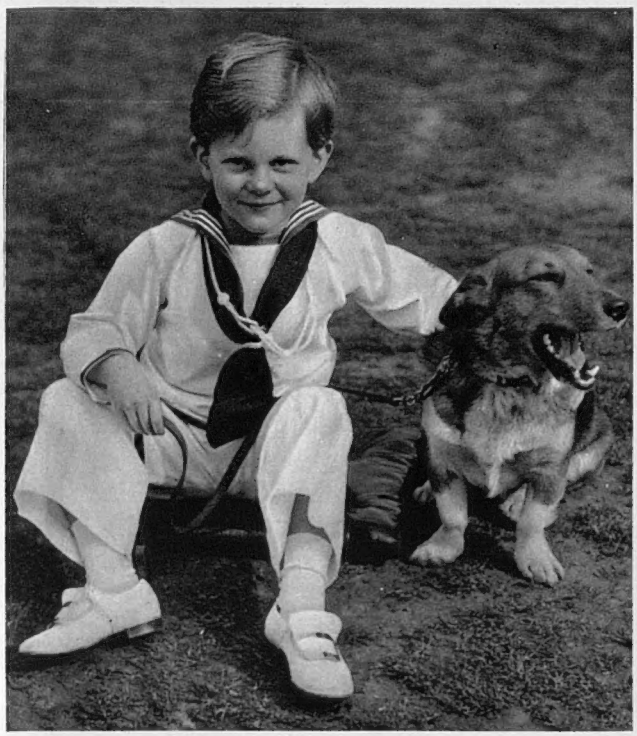
FIRST NIGHT AT THE APOLLO

The Earl and Countess of Jersey

Lord and Lady Jersey have just come back from India, and arrived a bit late at the "Idiot's Delight" first night. Henry Sherek is joint-presenter of the play with Raymond Massey, who is playing lead. Mrs. Sherek was Pamela Boscawen before her marriage last year; she is Viscount Falmouth's sister

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek

SUN AND AIRING IN HYDE PARK



Daniel Massey

Daniel Massey is Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey's nice little son. He looked very gala and spring-like in his white sailor-suit—photographed the morning before his father's opening night in "Idiot's Delight." The smiling Corgi is called Spats

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and Her Daughters

Lady Perdita Blackwood is four this year; her elder sister, Caroline, is three years older. Their father, Lord Dufferin, who is Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been abroad this spring on Colonial Office business

WEEK-END AT BOURNEMOUTH

Lord and Lady Moynihan

The Moynihans took their week-end exercise on a Branksome Tower hard court. He succeeded in 1936, is a barrister, married Ierne Candy in 1931, and they have a son and two daughters

TICKETS FOR A GALA

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury

Lord and Lady Shrewsbury were arriving at His Majesty's for the gala performance of "Operette" in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The theatre gala is a newish charity idea rapidly spreading; it looks like no important production getting into its run without a hospital or clinic stepping in. "Idiot's Delight" also had a charity gala second night

John Everard

Dr. Bridie's Dictator Takes a Homely Weapon

Is a fine actor who is slightly deranged mentally the material of which a dictator—or a saint—can be made? An intelligent idealist spinster of thirty-nine thought so and had the money to try her theory in practice. The Scots doctor who knew all about mental derangement and its sources in vanity and fear thought not, and the "dictator" proves him finally right when in the epilogue of the play he seizes a chair and threatens to kill Miss Rimmer, authoress of his career as a leader of men. In *The King of Nowhere*, Dr. Bridie's interesting play at the Old Vic, these three chief parts are very finely acted — by Laurence Olivier as Vivaldi, the half-mad actor who accepts but cannot carry the greatness thrust upon him; by Marda Vanne, whose theories of world-saving come alive when the handsome actor enters her house; by Alexander Knox, whose quiet Scots specialist is a portrayal of character that could not be bettered

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 64.

Jessie Matthews

JESSIE MATTHEWS, the only English film-star in her own right (Merle Oberon and Madeleine Carroll being now Hollywoodised), has no affectations. She will be the first to tell you that she was born over a butcher's shop in Berwick Market, being the fifth girl of a family of seven daughters and four sons; and that she used to try and crib over the shoulder of the little girl next to her at St. Luke's, in Camden Town. What is more, she 'll add that if the little girl tried to stop her, she would threaten to exclude her from her Christmas ballet. For Jessie formulated children's ballets from the age of five, and ultimately went into pantomime (*Bluebell in Fairyland*, at the Metropolitan Theatre of Varieties) at the ripe old age of eleven, and for the not-so-dusty salary of £4 a week as principal dancer. For the next four years she went into pantomime every Christmas for eight or ten weeks, until C. B. Cochran took her as a chorus girl in *The Music Box*. Her next engagement was with Charlot's revue, which toured the United States, Gertrude Lawrence and Bea Lillie starring. And as Gertrude Lawrence went sick, Jessie deputised for seven weeks for her—being still only sixteen.

CHARLOT, thinking that she had got a swollen head, promptly put her back into the fourth row of the chorus when G. Lawrence returned—"a three-months' agony," says Jessie, looking back. In his next revue, Charlot relented and gave her two numbers (one was "Rodeo") and two bits in sketches. Following which he sent her on tour for a year in a repertory of his shows (twice nightly and twenty-four changes).

Then came the turning-point of her life. Charlot, and three other experts, went to Birmingham to watch her performance, and decided on the spot to star her in his next revue—with Herbert Mundin. So once again she crossed the Atlantic, this time at £30 a week, but the show flopped, and showers of pennies descended on the stage at Cincinnati. This time it was C. B. Cochran's turn to have a cut at her, and following an interview on her return, he gave her a three-years' contract mounting from £60 a week—*One Damn Thing*—for the first year; to £100 a week—*This Year of Grace*; to £150 a week—*Wake Up and Dream*; to £200 a week—*Evergreen*. In the meantime she appeared twice in cabaret—at the Piccadilly and the Florida—but could not get used to the waiters going round during her performance.

Followed *Hold My Hand*, and then, two years of pictures. A lull in picture-production preceded Jessie's only excursion into the legitimate. This was *Sally Who?*, which didn't go; and then came pictures again, from which she has never emerged. She has now just finished *Sailing Along* (Sonnie Hale directing), and is about to start *Asking for Trouble* (Sonnie Hale still directing). Jessie has never made pictures in Hollywood, because the two super-taxes would only leave her a shilling in the pound. So much for her professional career. She has been married to Sonnie Hale for some years, and, after the tragedy of her own baby, she adopted one, now three years old, to whom she 's devoted. Jessie Matthews lives at Hampton; plays no games, except squash racquets at the R.A.C. country club at Epsom; likes to holiday in South America; never smokes; drinks an occasional glass of champagne; goes out once in a blue moon; wears grey flannel trousers at home; reads everything; potters round the garden; takes the dog out for a walk; adores jellied eels and steamed fish; weighs 8 st. 9 lb.; takes 5½ in gloves and size 4 shoes; and has been a fairy godmother to the whole of her family all her life. In fact, a really nice person.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

POKING round a foreign bookshop near Charing Cross recently, trying to forget the latest news from abroad, we picked up a volume newly from the press and, glancing idly at the back of its fresh, glossy jacket, were dazed to find ourselves reading "POUR NOS SOLDATS" in bold black type. Underneath came this, in French:

> By sacrificing a few francs you can give our brave defenders a few priceless hours of distraction, pleasure, and consolation.
>
> Think of the long days of boredom our soldiers must pass in the trenches, and of the grey hours which long spells in hospital impose on our gallant wounded.
>
> Won't you, by sending them books, help them to fight against the blues (*cafard*), the inseparable companion of ennui?

Staring dully at this, and noting that for 10 francs you could send the troops five selected volumes of the *Collection* So-and-So, it dawned on us at length that this was not a slightly macabre example of up-to-the-moment hustle and "service," but a well-deserved triumph for French economy (which some people actually compare with Scots, hech, hech). We realised that by a stroke of luck for all concerned the carefully-preserved book-jackets of 1918 would probably be of equal use in 1938, God forbid!

The international situation having eased a little since that moment, we now see in this incident nothing ominous, just a pleasant theme for another of those stories celebrating Ole Debbil French Economy. The best-known and most frequently told is the one about the grande cocotte and the cadets of St. Cyr. The story of the Book-jackets which Served Twenty Years After calls for a Balzacian twist, in our estimation, so will probably never be written.

Sweet Thames, Run Softly

IT 'S safe to bathe in the Thames, the Conservancy Board announces officially. The Eton authorities were curious about the Slough sewage works, Roundmoor Ditch, and Boveney Brook, but their fears are now at rest. Old Man River mayn't look, smell, or taste nice, but there 's no bacteriological contamination in him. We could have told Eton this ourselves, having been forced a little time ago by A. P. Herbert to take a swim one hot afternoon off his garden wall at Hammersmith. To say that Gaffer Herbert's favourite river stinks would be to understate abominably. It has a sinister mauve flavour and is full of tin cans, broken bottles, sodden newspapers, bits of firewood, bodies—they fished one or two out a few days later—and other common objects, and the mud is like chocolate mixed with fish-glue. However, we had our swim, encouraged by the dolphin-like gambols of the Gaffer in his native element, swallowed no more than a couple of pints, and felt none the worse. Possibly this thwarted the Gaffer, who could have made up a laughable piece for *Punch* about our swelling up and going blue—doubtless that was why he made us go in, on second thoughts—but we must say he concealed his disappointment admirably and was the genial old frolicsome host and bon-vivant, with a quip here and a quip there, drawing now a smile, now a tear, we know and love so well.

"It 's got 473 pages and two split-infinitives in the last chapter—you must *know the book I mean!"*

The blue Danube, which is slightly browner than the silver Thames, is no river to swim in, nor is the Seine. All big rivers, as a matter of fact, are evil. They know too much about mankind and its ways, and having so many bodies dropped in them purposely at night has made them cynical and misanthropic, whereas jolly old George Sea, the big breezy oaf, just likes romping with you and is as surprised and grieved as anyone if he drowns you. Anyway, he smells and tastes cleaner and nicer than rivers, and we think Gaffer Herbert's passion for the Thames is rather decadent.

"Sometimes Gavin would squat Indian fashion, gazing into the embers"

Game

MILDLY curious, and unexcitingly significant, it seemed to us that in a recent news-item about the rounding-up of idle youth by the Japanese Government during a "national spiritual mobilisation," it was found necessary to explain what Mah Jong is ("a domino-like gambling game"). Only a dozen years ago this excessively decorous game, having naturally swept America first, was sweeping this country. Sugar-daddies gave their sweeties costly Mah Jong sets from Bond Street of ivory and lacquer. Wealthy hostesses bought even

costlier sets in jade and crystal direct from the Orient. Everybody seemed to have a Mah Jong set of some sort, and pretended to play the game with wild enthusiasm, stifling their yawns and crying "Pong" and "Wang" and "Ching," and claiming to understand the scoring. We never came across anybody who really liked Mah Jong, except the tradesmen who started the racket. It flopped sooner than most smart game-crazes (it needed a bit of headwork, they say), and now its very memory has passed from the mind of Mayfair. This would hardly be worth recalling save that Mah Jong is not a pastime utterly childish, like cricket or Yo-Yo, but a very elaborate, decorative, and (apparently) indestructibly popular game in those parts of the world it started from.

The Oriental's attitude towards his national games is very peculiar. You never hear him bragging about the fact that to the formative influences, spiritual and ethical, of Mah Jong or Fan Tan or Pukkapoo he owes his superiority to everybody else on earth, and you never hear of his trying to improve his play by doping. He takes opium for various purposes, but never in order to win at games. We imagine the increasing rage for dope among British sportsmen frantic to excel must be astonishing the East considerably.

Wait for It

APROPOS which, a cricket fan of our acquaintance assures us that the relative merits of opium, hashish, and benzedrine are to be carefully weighed before our gallant Test lads brave the field this summer, to face almost certain defeat. The trouble with benzedrine, or Happy Gargle, most sporting of British sporting drugs, is that its effects are relatively transient. Watch your cricketers this summer. The boys may be doped to the eyes when they trip to the wicket, but it wears off after the first hour of the tea interval. Footballers, also, only get a shot of benzedrine sufficient to enable them to win one match, after which their employers don't recharge them till the next one. Golfers we can't be sure about. Most of them look half-boiled at any time of day, and a shot of benzedrine makes no difference one way or the other. Yachtsmen are said to be doping largely this season. To a benzedrined yachtsman a ten-ton yawl looks the size of the liner Queen Mary, and we shall probably see some queer old sights at Cowes this year when the bigger fry begin on the hypodermics; queerer old sights than usual, we mean.

Clay Feet Dept.

ALL those Gilbert-and-Sullivan addicts we find round and about will hardly thank Mr. Cosmo Hamilton for floodlighting their little twin idols with no pink shades in his new book. Both Gilbert and Sullivan were quarrelsome egotists, and Gilbert was a bully in addition; and when a rival show like *Dorothy* looked like mopping up some of the box-office returns, Sullivan got the wind up badly and wanted to break up the partnership. You 'd expect the composer of all those dulcified hymn-tunes to be a loftier character. But there. The children of the Muses aren't generally much like their works. A. G. Macdonell, a Greek god, is suave but ruthless. Uncle Hugh Walpole, creator of sadistic canons, has a rosy Pickwickian benevolence. Hans Andersen was a terrible character, packed with egotism and always weeping with fury when people weren't praising his stuff. Matthew ("Scholar-Gypsy") Arnold was an Inspector of Schools and had nowhere (as an American critic said) to go for a laugh, Tennyson was rather rude to people, and Barrie played cricket from choice. In our view these little weaknesses of the big boys make one love them more, and we 're not cracking at Gilbert and Sullivan for being human beings; it 's just that their fans give us the willies, and we think somebody ought occasionally to disturb that Choral Evensong atmosphere of a Gilbert and Sullivan performance with a Bronx cheer, just to enable the worshippers to regain perspective.

Plea Yourself

THAT humble, snivelling, revolting little word "plea," which is such a favourite with the Fleet Street boys ("Bishop's Plea for Larger Golf-Balls"; "Glamour Girl's Plea for Brighter Ash-cans"; "Premier's Plea for Old Mice") was used rather grotesquely by Auntie *Times* the other day, we thought, when she referred to Dr. Dietrich's "plea" for a cessation of mischief-making in the foreign Press. The Nazi Press Chief's "plea" was the usual truculent stuff you get from Nazis, who never plead for anything. We 'd have called it a demand. Unfortunately "demand" is six letters and "plea" only four, just snug headline-size, so "pleas" all demands, requisitions, and commands will remain, however comically and inappropriate.

However industriously some of the boys strive to copy every trick of the American Press, they haven't, so far as we discover, come within miles of that famous headline in *Variety*: "Stix Nix Hix Pix," meaning that the remote Middle Western small town, among others, is jibbing against poor films. In its way that headline is a prose triumph.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"O.K., Madam, but Fred and I thought it rather a novelty"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Operette" (His Majesty's)

IN writing of this piece it might be said with equal truth that Mr. Noel Coward both has and has not done it again. The positive statement would be accurate, for here are many familiarities. Sitting in our stall, how often have we attended the story of the understudy who, when the star walks out on the show in a tantrum, gets her big chance at a moment's notice and gains fame in a single, glorious night. How often, again, have we assisted at the upset that occurs when a mere actress falls in love with a prospective Peer, and when the young man's mother, kind, but oh, so stiff in the back and common-sensible, comes along for just one fat scene to talk her out of it. And how often have we heard the callous voice of the call-boy insisting that this star or that, though in the throes of some intense personal grief, shall, nevertheless, pull herself together, stagger on to the stage, and make herself once more a motley to the view. Which, roughly, is the plot of *Operette*, and therefore about the most daring thing Mr. Coward has yet given us.

THESE, beyond question, are old bones, but since it is Mr. Coward who undertakes their exhumation, we expect a rattling evening. For we all know how clever he is. We all know what a sense of the theatre, including the auditorium, he has. Moreover, the setting is to be Edwardian, which promises all sorts of fun. But Mr. Coward is not out for fun, which is his forte. He is out for fragrance, which is his aspiration. The period representation of a George Edwardes musical comedy which occupies an all-too-liberal share of the evening's entertainment is respectful to the point of dullness. What might have been a diverting parody of the sextet in *Florodora* turns out to be little more than a paraphrase. The witty numbers in which Mr. Coward excels are so few and far between that, having rejoiced in a quartet of younger sons singing "The Stately Homes of England," we make no complaint when they come on and do it again later in the show. It is, indeed, a night of repetitions, with hansom cabs jingling at regular intervals, and the theme song, "Dearest Love," being so insistently reprised that we might be pardoned for beginning to wonder whether this is really a sign of strength or of weakness.

Comic: Edward Cooper

Sketches by Rouson

The Chorus and Debrett: Peggy Wood and Griffith Jones

Commanding Presences: Fritzi Massary and Irene Vanbrugh

As a spectacle, however, *Operette* is superb, and if Mr. Coward designed it as a spectacle, he has achieved his end. Mrs. Calthrop, whose work has never been better, conjures up Edwardian pictures that are as delicious as they are undeniable. Hers is the opportunity and hers the triumph. As the hero and heroine, Mr. Griffith Jones bears himself well and Miss Peggy Wood sings beautifully. If they do not produce the electrical effect on the audience that would be produced by Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Coward himself in the same parts, they acquit themselves well. Miss Irene Vanbrugh gives us a taste of the old legitimate in her one appearance as the prospective Peer's mamma, but the scene has been written and acted so often that one is hardly carried away. Also, there is Fritzi Massary, erect with technique as a musical-comedy actress of experience and wisdom, dividing us between admiration for what she is doing and dreams of what she might do and (though we were not lucky enough to see it) has done in the past.

The Broken Necklace

From the painting by Suzanne Grotrian

The Private Life of a Sea King

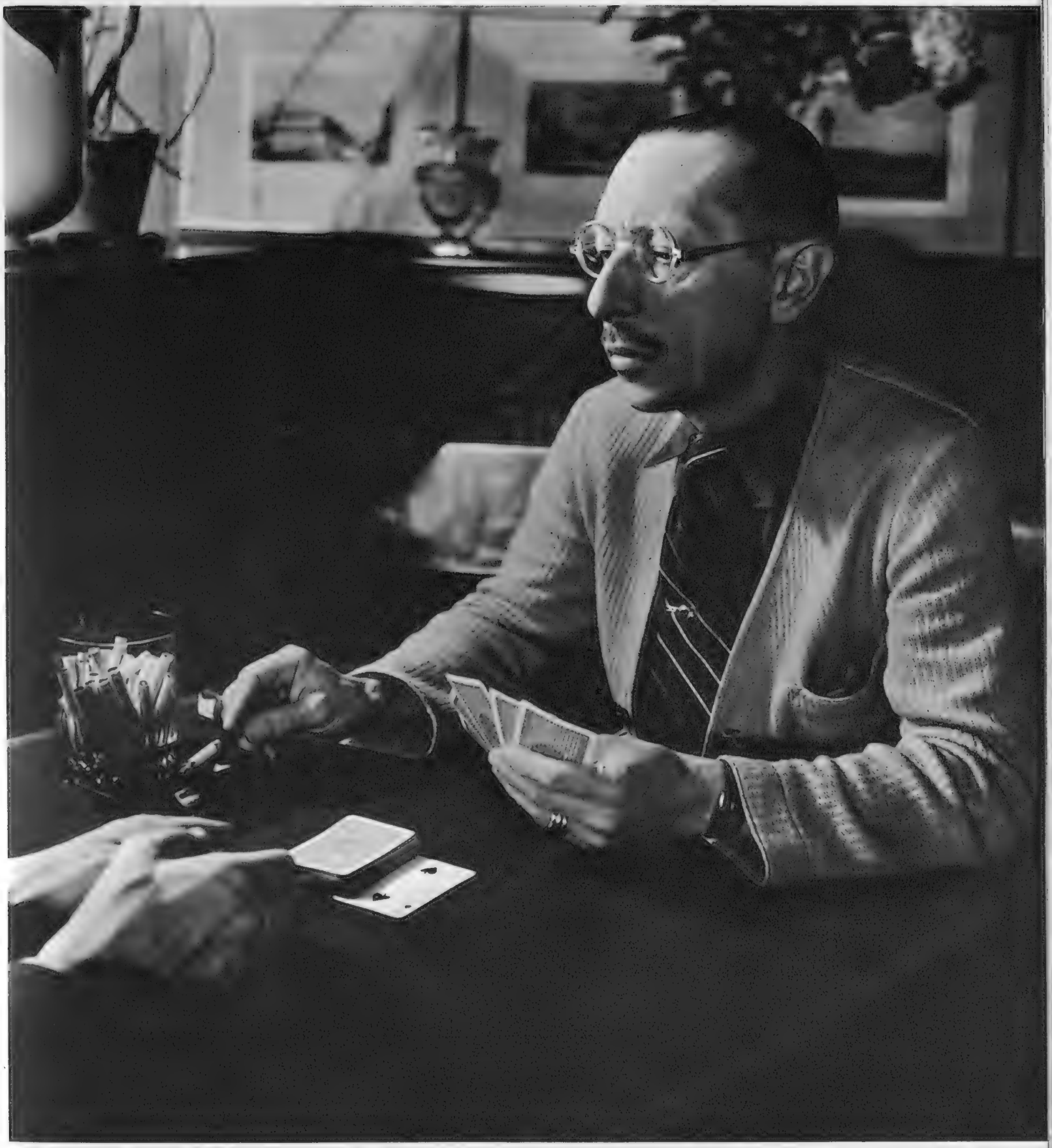
Sir Percy Bates at Home and at Work

The Pipe of Indication

Sir Percy Elly Bates, chairman of the Cunard-White Star Line, is the fourth baronet of a house founded by an M.P. for Plymouth. He lives at Hinderton Hall in Cheshire and he works in Liverpool. He travels between the two by preference by train, so that he can read undisturbed, but sometimes he drives himself up to the office in a modest baby car. In the imposing Cunard building he has a room from which he can see the new 33,000-ton Mauretania building on the opposite side of the Mersey. He also has a desk, but he never uses it, for its drawers would tempt him to put things into them. Instead, he works at a round table. He is a G.B.E., an honorary captain in the R.N.R., a freeman of the City of London. He married a daughter of the late Very Rev. William Lefroy and has a son who distinguished himself in undergraduate drama while at Cambridge

The Pipe of Relaxation

The Pipe of Concentration



Schall, Paris

Igor Stravinsky Practises What He Composes

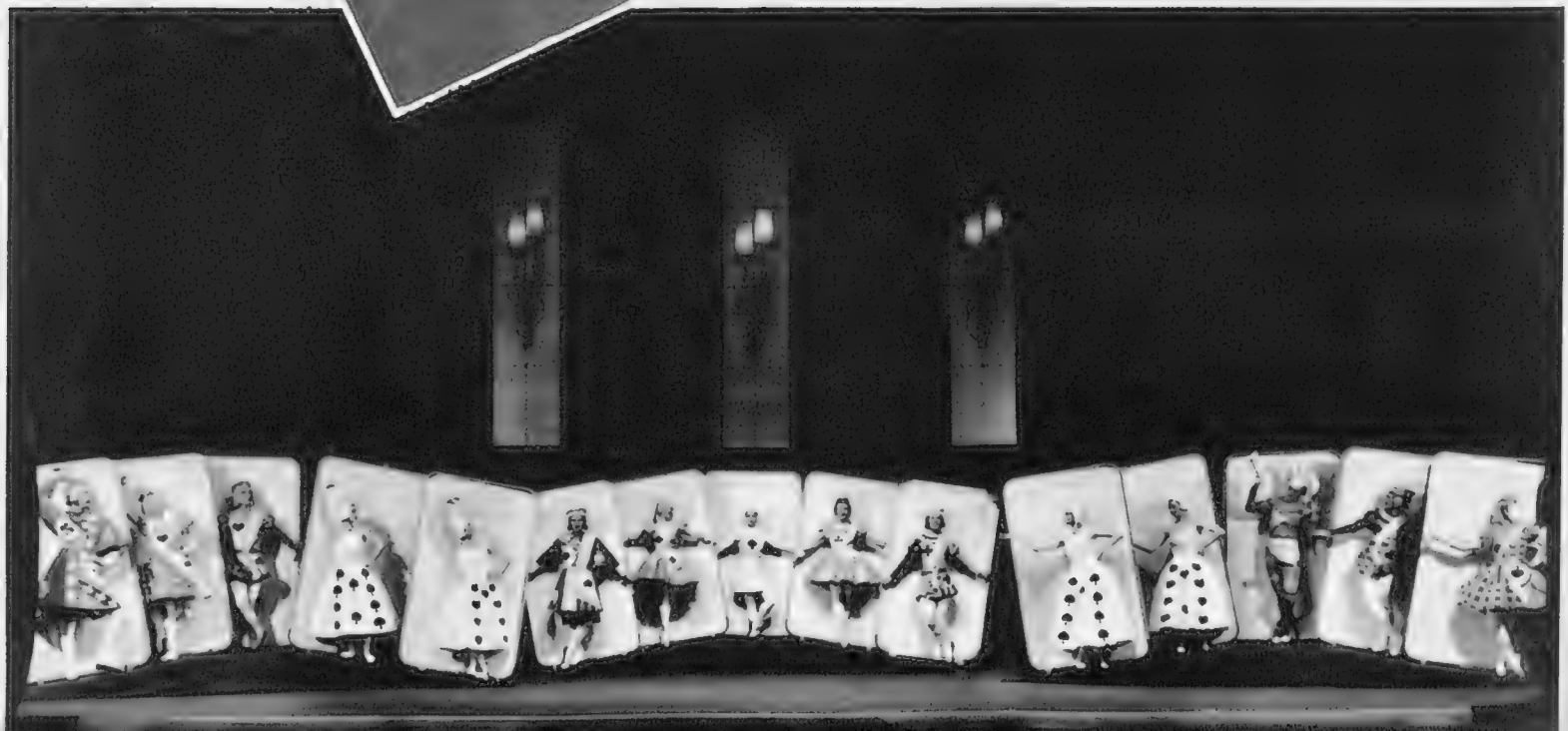
Le Jeu des Cartes was the last new Stravinsky work to be heard in London, played at a Courtauld-Sargent concert last October. Stravinsky himself came over to conduct the sparkling, sardonic, difficult music he has composed for a game-of-cards ballet. Richard Strauss put the German game "skat" on the opera stage, Stravinsky chose poker for his ballet, but ignores the deadly drama of high play, the nervous tension of a big bluff, and treats his cards quite lightly. Not so in real life: he plays with a Culbertian look of absorption that's almost mystical, whether it's bridge or poker or this particular game for two. Pictures of the Dresden Opera production of *Le Jeu des Cartes* are on the next pages

"Le Jeu des Cartes"

Stravinsky's Ballet in Dresden

The Queen of Clubs finds her King: Thea Weiss and G. Neppach

The Queen of Diamonds—Hanna Schlenke-John



The Start of the Ballet—Three Poker Hands Are Dealt

The Queen of Hearts

Vera Mahlke, prima ballerina of the Dresden Opera, has the chief rôle as the Queen of Hearts

Four Aces, Four Queens and the Joker

Embarras de Richesses—Four Kings and Three Jacks

The Missing Jack, the Queens and the Joker Again

Das Kartenspiel is the ballet which the Dresden Opera Company have matched to Stravinsky's *Jeu des Cartes*. Valeria Kratina is responsible for the choregraphy, based on Stravinsky's own scenario. She was for some time at the Luxemburg school of ballet at Vienna, and is well known for her ballets in the "modern" German style. But classical dancing has been coming back into favour in Germany, and *Das Kartenspiel* is purely classical, and was received in Dresden with great enthusiasm, both by critics and audience. Carl Bohm, the director of the Dresden Opera, conducted

Katharine Hepburn Goes Crazy

In Her Film, "Bringing Up Baby"

"Baby," the tame leopard, belongs to madcap socialite Susan. As Susan, Katharine Hepburn demonstrates a good leopard-handling technique

David, palæontological professor, is Cary Grant; the dinosaur, after four years' hard work rebuilding its skeleton, is his pet. Trouble begins when Susan appears in the museum and, not content with waving to David from below, starts up the twenty-foot ladder to greet him at closer quarters

Among other events in her stormy career, Susan falls victim to a psychiatrist (Fritz Feld), who finds her a rare puzzle

" You can't do that there 'ere " is English for Constable Walter Catlett's admonition to the careless young socialite who parks against a water hydrant—strictly forbidden

Bringing Up Baby plunges Katharine Hepburn into mad slapstick, a new sea through which she darts and flashes with quicksilver ease. Leopard, dinosaur, dog, motor-smash, an escaping flock of chickens, falls into a river, prison, a circus—one craziness follows another with only the mildest rhyme or reason of a story. Such as it is, it weaves round Katharine Hepburn as a wild young heiress and Cary Grant as a professor and brings them safely to a happy ending. Miss Hepburn gives her sense of humour full play for the first time and the screen has a new comedy star. Howard Hawks directed the film, and the Gaumont shows it since last Sunday

Professor David (Cary Grant) and Susan both get into prison. She soon gets out and plans to rescue her knight

Planning the Chase of the Escaped Leopard

Happy Ending for Leopard and All

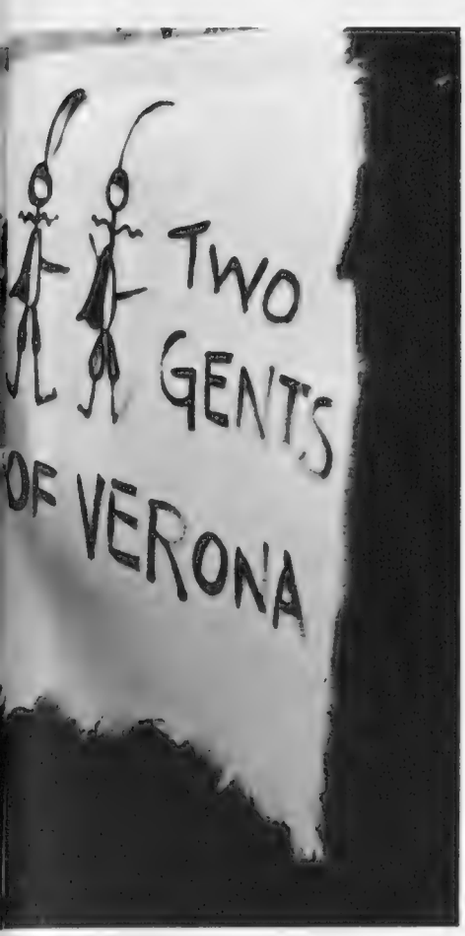
"Scenery Painted by

Scenery for "The Tempest," *at Stratford, has been designed by J. Gower Parks, who is discussing one of his models with Alick Johnstone. All scenes are first built in similar miniatures. On right is Horace Bray, who has been three years with Mr. Johnstone, working on panels for the Bernstein cinema group*

Bill Cameron *has ing job of laying-in a good deal in prints and program-*

Bert Lambert, *who was gassed in the war, is general handyman at the studio, cleans palettes, makes size, washes brushes, presides over the glue-pot and the tea-pot. On the table, extreme left, is an air-brush for soft effects*

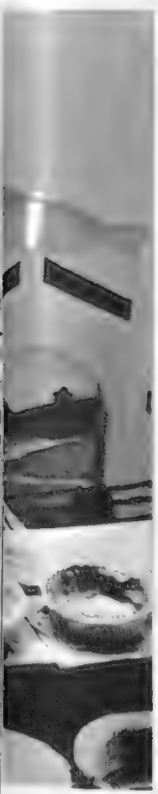
A Veronese Background *is the subject of a between Mr. Johnstone and Horace Bray. The holds the scale-diagram made from the designer's*



amused himself before finishing the uninterest-
(painting) a flat cloth of colour. He draws
private, owns a collection of old theatrical
mes, has worked seven years for Mr. Johnstone

Alick Johnstone"

Photographs
by
Anthony



discussion
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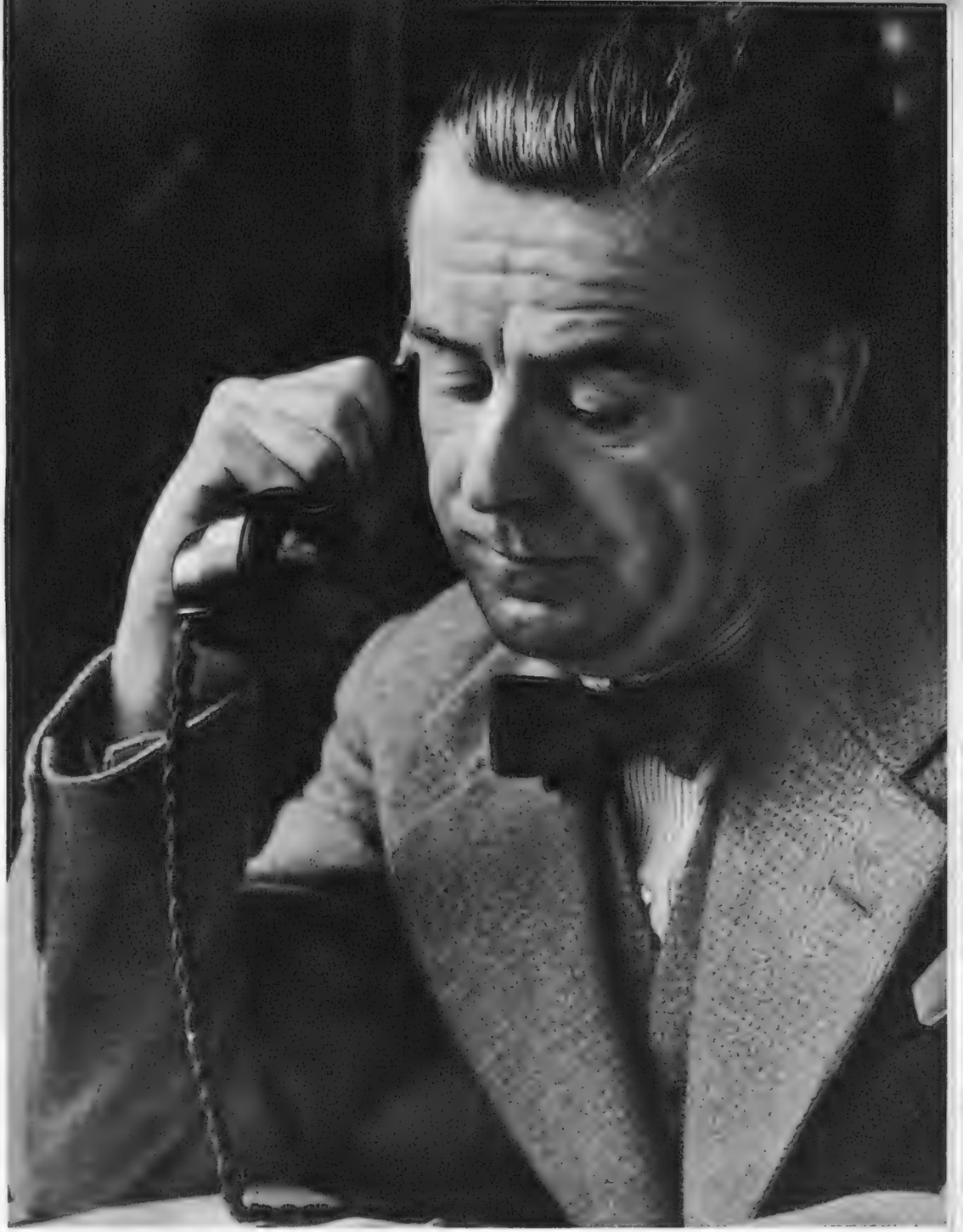


"Alick Johnstone speaking. A Tibetan monastery backed by Everest? All right, send along the designs"

Down Macklin Street, which turns east out of Drury Lane, goes a supply of size, paint, frames, canvas. It returns in the shape of clouds, trees, palace interiors or blasted heaths, anything that playwright or decorator can visualise. Behind the unobtrusive door of No. 23, Alick Johnstone runs a business that executes, there or in the theatres concerned, most of London's stage scenery (with cinema panels or Ideal Home exhibits as sidelines). There has been a painting room at 23, Macklin Street, for many years; in one of the dustier corners lies the stencil of T. Grieve, who decorated *Giselle's* first production (with fountains: 1841). Alick Johnstone took over the studio from his father on returning from the war. He is now London's foremost scene painter and handles with equal confidence designs by Rex Whistler or Gladys Calthrop. He is known as The Governor to his twenty-odd skilled employees, doesn't really look like Edward Everett Horton, as in the big picture above

***Below:** Mr. Johnstone ponders over a design's executive problems*

The Young Riviera

Mme. Vincent Paravicini

Had just stepped off the Blue Train into Monte Carlo's dazzling sun. She inherits Rivieran tendencies from her villa-owning father, Somerset Maugham

Miss Barbara Throckmorton

Sir Robert Throckmorton's younger sister is sun-burned enough to remind Monte Carlo of the summer; she went there from Kitzbühl, where she had a châlet all the ski-ing season

Miss Marjorie and Miss Isabelle Meuser

These two are debutante sisters from America, nieces of the Marchioness of Huntly, who will be giving a dance for them in London later in the summer

Miss Cicely Nevill and Mrs. Urquhart

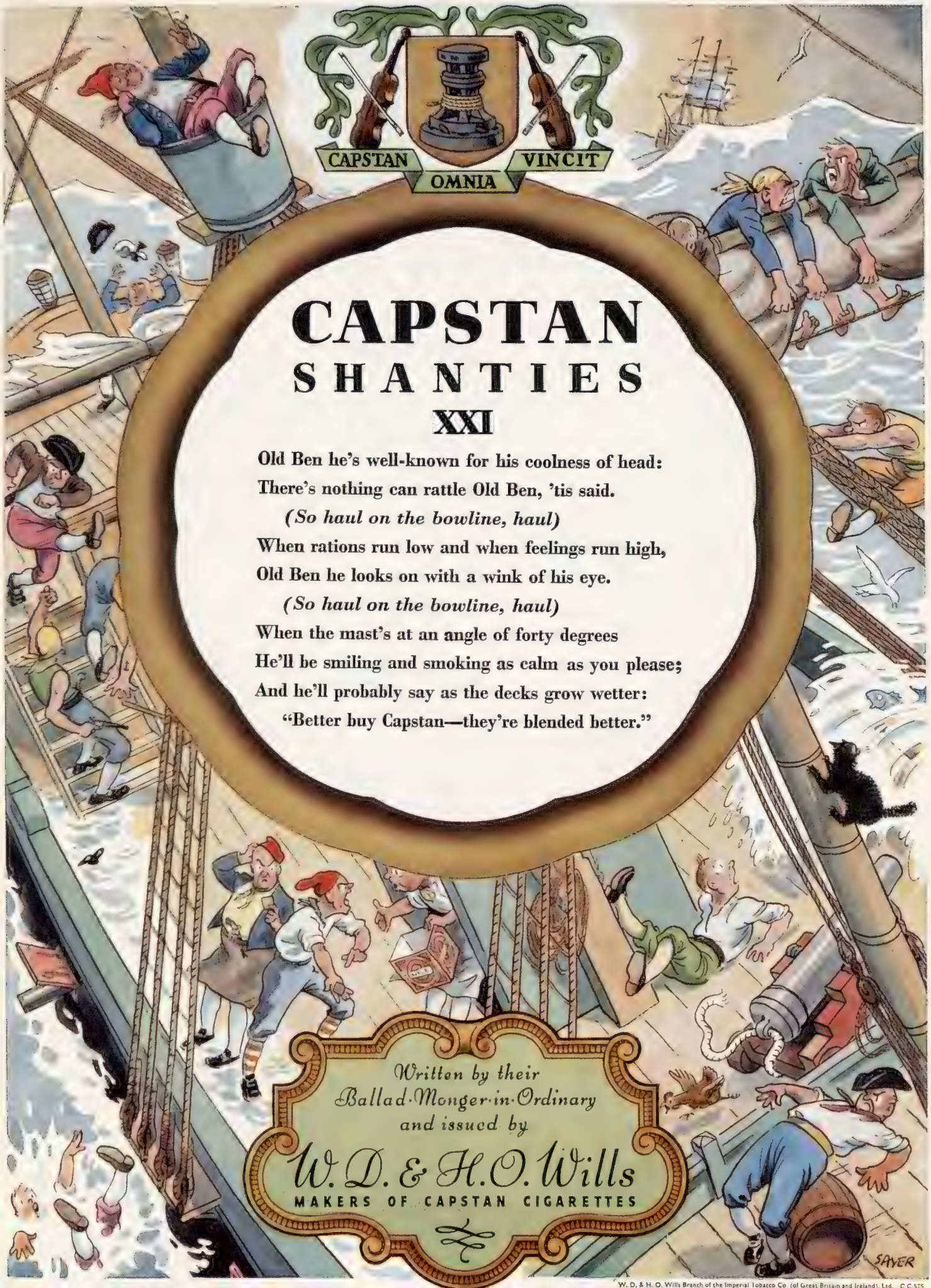
Cicely Nevill went south after ski-ing at Davos, and met her elder sister, Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, on the Riviera. They were photographed at Menton

Miss Willow Sands

Has been at Monte Carlo with her step-father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, who live there for a good part of the year

The Hon. Grania Guinness

Lord and Lady Moyne's daughter went over to Monte Carlo from Nice to see her friends in the Blum-Massine ballet now rehearsing there. She dances herself, and has been a pupil of Massine's



W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.575

"Bystander" Short Story No. 132

Hands

By Robert Westerby

Illustration by C. Walter Hodges

He knew they thought he was going to die. As soon as they went into the corner by the window and began whispering, he knew it. He half-opened the one eye that could still see and looked across at them. The fat one's hands were clasped behind his back, moving slowly up and down, up and down.

Now they were whispering, and he could almost hear what they were saying. Something about the telephone.

That might mean his family. They might have been sent for perhaps, though they were a long way away. Then they were sure he would die. Yes, they must be sure now.

He shut his eye and sighed painfully, so that the two doctors glanced round at him and looked at one another expressively.

"Thought he had gone, Scholte?" the tall one said.

"H'm, yes. Yes, I did," the fat one said. "Poor devil, it's a miracle he wasn't killed outright."

"A miracle—or a pity," the tall one said. "At least he'd have been spared all this. Did you see it happen, by the way?"

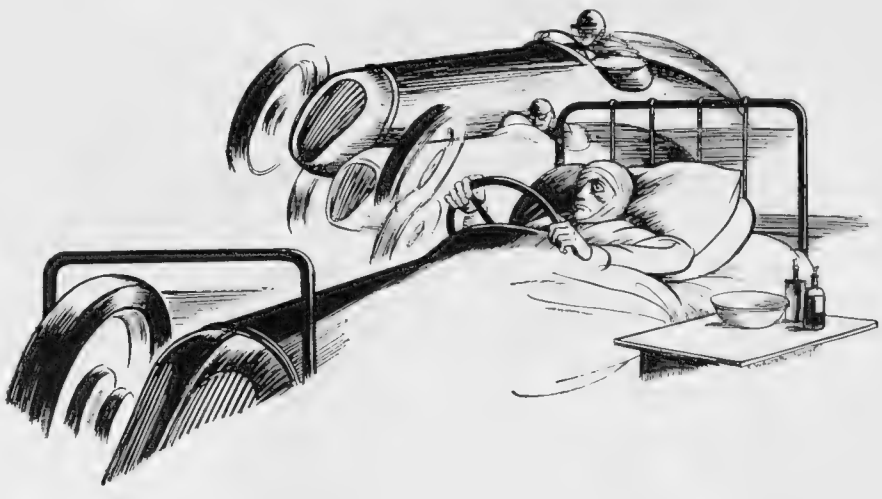
"No. You?"

"Yes. I saw it. I was there. It was an awful thing." He looked at the bed again. "If only he could get some sleep he'd stand a chance. If he could get six or seven hours, even," he said.

"I'm glad I was here to-day," the fat one said. "This has woken things up a bit."

Still whispering together, they left the room, shutting the door very softly behind them. And when they had gone, a nurse came in. She was used to cases like this one. There had been four already during the summer. And she stood over by the window, apparently not watching or even listening. So still she stood, so quiet, that after a time the room absorbed her until she became just a part of it, no more important or outstanding than the bed or the chairs.

The man on the bed opened his eye again and looked slowly round the room. It was very quiet, and the sun could hardly filter through the dark shade across the window. Everything seemed dead and still. His mind, which was crystal-clear one moment, drifted away vaguely into shadows and fantasy the next. His hands felt hot and damp, and he could feel the thin rim of the steering-wheel against his palms. Wearily he shut his eye. And there in front of him was the track again, rushing at him in a wide ribbon. There were the white posts at the outside of the straight . . . flick . . . flick . . . flick . . . as they went past. He had been there for hours. Every muscle in his body ached and tortured him as he was jerked about from side to side. Sometimes the track ahead was not straight, and he lurched along it in a series of sliding swerves . . . and then everything changed, quite suddenly, and it was as if the accident had never happened. He was in the car still,



and when he gripped the wheel to see if he were dreaming or not, it was solid in his hands and he knew it was all right. Everything was all right now. He looked round and saw he was not alone any more. The crowd was still packed against the railings, and the other cars were there . . . . But he swept past them easily as he had done before. And as he did so, the men in the other cars looked at him strangely, and he knew he was not as he had been. It frightened him the way they looked round as he came up abreast of them and passed. He knew he must go faster, faster, and get away from their staring faces. Somehow he had to go faster, but now the bumping and jerking had gone, and he could feel nothing at all except the wheel in his hands. And that made him feel safe, just the thin, greasy rim gripped between his fingers.

He had to go faster and faster, always faster, and as he swept round the banking of the track he watched the front axle dancing and shuddering up and down, the spinning off-side wheel so near, so dangerously near, the edge. The strap-end of his helmet was still flapping, just as it had been all the time. And the thin haze of oil was still whipping up past his face—only now he couldn't smell it. He seemed to be powerless, incapable of action, quite separated from himself. Only his hands were alive, gripping the wheel, straightening the car as it raced past the others, past the trees, the posts, the stands . . . faster . . . faster . . . always faster.

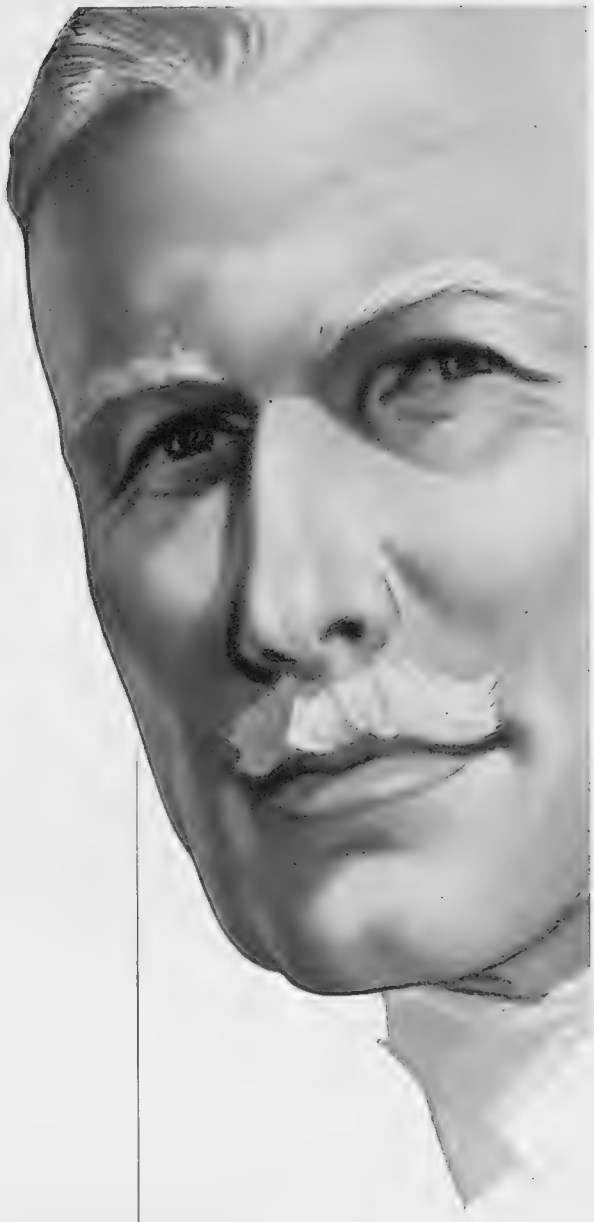
He groaned out loud, twisting his bandaged head to one side and the nurse glanced quickly at him, her eyes narrowing. But, as he did not move again, and went on breathing as before, she relaxed, sighing with relief. He was probably not quite out of the anæsthetic yet, but it was worrying her, being alone with him in this state. She glanced at her watch and wished the doctors would come back. It was dinner-time.

Now he was finding it more difficult, more and more difficult to keep the car straight. The wheel was slipping through his fingers as if it were covered with oil. Something was going wrong again. He could feel that something would happen again, just as it had happened before. There was a tight band across his forehead, harsh and cold, cutting into his skin. He had to slow down, had to stop as soon as possible. If he could stop before the steering-arm broke he would be safe. He was sweating with fear now, trying to slow the car, but he couldn't, he couldn't. His feet were immovable. He tried to take his foot off the throttle, straining to move his leg as a man tries to control a limb that has "gone to sleep." But still nothing happened. His fingers closed tightly on the steering-wheel as he reached the end of the straightaway. And now it was going to happen. Oh, God, it was going to happen all over again. . . .

Just as before, he ran the car on to the banking, right to the outside, until the retaining-wall was only a few feet from his wheels. His eyes were fixed on the front axle now, and he sat hunched up, waiting for it . . . waiting . . . waiting . . . His stomach contracted with fear and suspense until he nearly screamed out loud. The band across his forehead had grown tighter, and plainly he heard the steering-arm clink as it dropped and hit the ground. The wheel spun uselessly in his hands as the car lurched upwards. It was the same, exactly the same, only this time he could feel nothing. There was no pain like before, only a tightening across the chest, making it difficult to breathe. The car hit the wall and spun round. For a split second it seemed to stand on end before the whole world turned into a madly-swaying blur. It seemed the crashing and banging would never stop. He screwed up his eyes, hanging desperately on to the wheel, and waited. But it didn't stop. It happened again and again. The screech and clang of tortured metal scraping on the ground, on the brickwork; the pounding of his limp, powerless body. . . .

Sweating, he opened his eye. The nurse was standing over the bed, watching him. He looked up into her face,

(*Concluded on page iv*)



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Films of the Day

The Revival of a Classic

By George Campbell

THE success of *Pasteur* and *The Life of Emile Zola*—the first a complete surprise to everybody, including Warner Brothers—has given the producers a chance to dig up an early Muni story, *Scarface*. On the whole it stands up to the march of time pretty well. Howard Hughes, the tall, slim young oil millionaire who produced it, wanted to make a gangster film to end gangster films. If he didn't quite do that, he did make the daddy of them all. *Scarface* is a master thriller, without a rival in its field, except, possibly, Gary Cooper's *City Streets*, which Paramount should revive forthwith.

Mr. Hughes, with his boyish zest in high-speed slaughter, once talked to me for an hour about the cuts made by censors, American and English. Leonardo, if they had painted a moustache on his Monna Lisa ; Erich von Stroheim, when they cut his twenty-reel *Greed* to eight reels, could not have been more profanely disgusted with the vandal's attitude to Art.

But even as it stands, *Scarface* is still no conversation piece. From the moment when Scarface first realises that his chief is not invulnerable, the superbly told story races on excitingly, inexorably, to his death like a rat in the gutter. The tension is maintained by every device that a skilful scenario-writer and director could devise, and some of the tricks, though often copied, are still effective : the moment, for instance, when Scarface's gang catch up with a rival leader, whose followers have been mown down like Bugs Moran's gang in the St. Valentine's Day massacre. The leader, last of his band, is playing skittles ; he plays his shot, all the pins go down but one ; it totters ; a machine-gun opens fire, out of range of the camera, and the last pin falls.

SOME critics profess to find in *Scarface* evidence that the art of the screen has advanced. Certainly the lighting is better in some recent films ; but so it was in some contemporary films, for that matter. So long as the tommy-guns chattered, and another gangster bit the dust every reel, Mr. Hughes was no pedant in the matter of lighting.

In essentials, however, *Scarface* has never been improved on. It takes the crude but dynamic figures of the underworld and paints them with broad, slashing strokes in colours as vivid as blood. The scarred gunman who steps over his chief's body to the underworld throne ; the sleek wop, with death in his eyes and a lucky ten-cent piece always in his hand ; the blonde enraptured by Scarface's ruthlessness and daring ; the rival racketeers, able to dish out homicide with a smile, but inclined to whine a trifle when they have to take it—these are all convincing bits of portraiture, easily recognised or paralleled by anyone familiar with the history of the Chicago underworld.

"SCARFACE" made three or four new stars. An Austrian Jew by the name of Muni Weisenfreund, who had gained a reputation as a stage actor in New York under the name of Paul Muni, played the title-role, and started his climb to fame ; George Raft, former taxi dancer, scored another sensational hit as Scarface's dime-tossing friend, murdered on the assumption that he has seduced the big shot's sister ; and Ann Dvorak, another unknown, jumped into fame as the girl. In fact, the only person connected with the film who is not now flourishing in Hollywood, is Howard Hughes himself : he seems to have gone back to the less speculative business of playing polo and drawing a million dollars a year from oil. A pity. After *Hell's Angels*, *The Front Page*, and *Scarface*, one would have liked more from him.

OF the new pictures, *Nina Petrovna* is interesting for its re-creation of pre-war Vienna, with its dashing guardsmen and glamorous cocottes, its beer-garden flirtations, and the possibility of death before breakfast if your girl happened also to be the major's. *Nina Petrovna* has already been made once by Ufa ; the atmosphere is familiar, the plot is reminiscent of half-a-dozen other sentimental essays in the bitter-sweet. Nevertheless, this French version gets over, thanks to highly intelligent direction and charming performances by Isa Miranda and Fernand Gravey. Miss Miranda is not unlike Marlene Dietrich in face, has adopted one or two of the Dietrich tricks, including the song with what Americans call a dead-pan face, and generally follows the Dietrich technique of trying to suggest highly sophisticated emotions beneath an exterior never ruffled by anything so plebeian as tears or laughter. The difference is that whereas Miss Dietrich suggests all the restrained passion of an ornamental goldfish, it is just credible that behind Miss Miranda's decorative façade some faint emotion may be stirring. It will be interesting to see what they make of her in Hollywood.

Fernand Gravey, Isa Miranda in "Nina Petrovna"

Adolf Hitler has put the cap on one already overworked film-setting—the Vienna of waltz and wine and barons and beer-gardens. A last (French) example is showing at the Curzon, its script undistinguished, its direction intelligent, its acting charming. M. Gravey and Mlle. Miranda are the lovers

THE best of the other new films are *Dangerous to Know*, a very free adaptation of Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot*, starring that grand actor, Akim Tamiroff ; and *Merrily We Live*, yet another crazy comedy, written with grace and played with charm.

Of *I See Ice*, I need only say that it is mechanical, commonplace and vulgar, and will make a lot of money.

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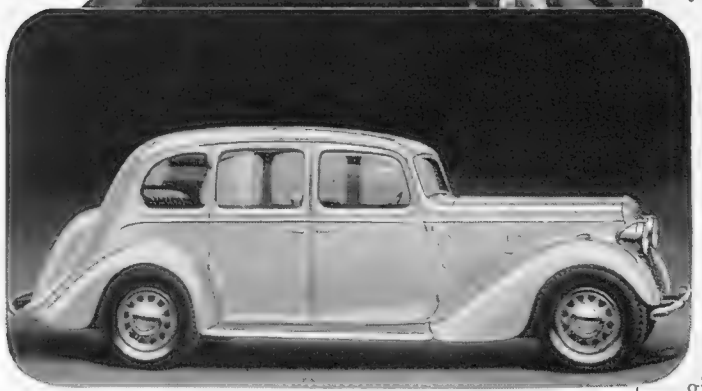

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"So I suppose you're another of those people who say . . ."
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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Life of an Eccentric

By Alan Thomas

It has been well said by Mr. Richard Darwall in his book, *Madcap's Progress* (Dent; 18*s.*), that no other age but that in which he lived could have given such free play to the peculiar talents of Squire Mytton. Here we have a full-length portrait of one of England's great eccentrics: and while the moralist may find much to deplore in the record of John Mytton's exploits, yet it is impossible as one turns the pages of this vastly entertaining book not to envy the man the spaciousness of the days in which he lived and the opportunities which an age free of all mechanised form of transport afforded him for self-expression. As Mr. Darwall suggests, had Mytton been able to grasp the steering-wheel of a motor-car, he would not have survived a week. John Mytton who was born in 1796 and died of delirium tremens in 1834, lived a full, to a great extent, happy, and on the whole, useless life. Yet one takes to him from the start. A boy of nine who in the small hours of the night rides a black pony upstairs and into his tutor's bedroom is a character one wants to hear about. And this particular exploit was nothing to what followed. The man had a genius for handling horses: not only would he jump anything that came his way, but on one occasion (to quote but a single example of his imaginative eccentricity) after a wet day on the hills he actually led his horse into the kitchen of a house near Wem and there man and beast sat themselves down in front of the fire and refreshed themselves with mulled port wine! There is plenty of evidence, too, that Mytton was a generous man. His distribution of ten-pound notes when he was canvassing his election to Parliament (each note was attached to a button on his coat for voters to snatch at, and as each note was taken it was replaced by another) is to be explained on other grounds: but his sudden befriending of a poor French soldier—much later on in life when he himself was in low water—showed an impulsive generosity which sprang from a good heart. Mr. Darwall has made a lively book out of an extremely lively subject. The four coloured and sixteen monochrome illustrations by contemporary artists add greatly to the interest.

Mr. Hervey Allen's *Action at Aquila* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is highly topical: it is about war. The battle at Aquila was fought in the American civil war when cavalry charged like thunder and cannon fired salvos of roundshot and canister. A bit out of date, of course, judged by the standards of our present enlightened methods of mass slaughter, but Mr. Allen's vivid descriptions make this minor action a microcosm of the idiocy, brutality and heroism of all wars, ancient and modern. Aquila is the peak point of the story, and it comes almost at the end of the book. It is also the last engagement of Colonel Nathaniel Franklin, a Federal officer who loses his leg on the battlefield. The story begins when the Colonel goes on his first leave after years of fighting, depressed and disillusioned; his heart is too soft to make him a happy warrior, and he is haunted by the memory of his last act under orders, the firing of the homestead of his friend Crittendon, who has turned Confederate.

The early days of his leave are too full of the talk of fireside warriors; so Franklin buys a horse and sets out on a journey through the valley of the Shenandoah, his ultimate object being to break the news of her husband's death to Mrs. Crittendon. Mr. Allen is blessed with a fount of invention that wells, fresh and unrestrained, throughout the Colonel's amazing adventures. Quite the most fantastic is the episode of the pocket Hitler whom the Colonel outwitted. Mr. Allen makes his hero the ideal soldier of every schoolboy: he is brave, true, lovable and very sentimental. Indeed, boiled down to its essentials, *Action at Aquila* is a superb adventure story for old boys—and girls. And of its genre it is a shining example.

A man who writes a book nearly eight hundred pages long (and not such large print, either) is presumably in love with his subject. Yet it almost seems that Mr. Richard Wilmer Rowan, whose weighty volume entitled *The Story of Secret Service* (John Miles; 15*s.*), lies in front of me, has written out of hatred of his theme. Here is a history of spies and spying, of all manner of secret intrigue, sleuthing and watchdoggery from the earliest times to the present day—thirty-three centuries of it from Delilah to the political police of Nazi Germany. "In this programme of study," writes Mr. Rowan, "the kings and queens, the emperors and empresses, shall only be known by the company of spies that they keep." Does it interest you to know what an incendiary "crayon" pencil looks like? A design of it is given in this book. Do you realise how many German agents were arrested in England on August 4th, 1914—and precisely where? A map is included giving those interesting details. And so on. Mr. Rowan is discursive but seldom boring. He writes, when he touches politics, from an anti-Nazi standpoint. And, as I say, he regards the operations of spies and secret police as utterly repellent. But he might at least have offered his readers a chance of nosing round a bit—by giving the book an index.

The hero of Miss Grace Elliott Taylor's *Dangerous Service* (Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a news-hound with a highly developed nose for international trouble. He is fortunate enough to have an attractive and devoted sister who acts as his secretary and can be relied upon at any moment to outwit spies, censors, and any other kind of impediment in the way of a conscientious foreign correspondent bringing off a scoop. And this lovely sister is enamoured of a British Secret Service man who loves her a lot but not quite so much as he does his job. From all of which it may be gathered that Miss Taylor has provided herself with first-class material for a tale of love, adventure and genuine excitement. She tells her story with an attractive freshness and verve and an astonishing amount of invention. And its background is any part of Europe where Communism and Fascism are rearing their contentious heads. It is a pity Miss Taylor fills so much of the early part of her book with the adolescent adventures of her hero and his sister. I much prefer her in her dirty-work-in-the-desert vein.

"The Bear"

Squire Mytton would ride anything anywhere under any circumstances; his eccentricities put the Marx Brothers in the shade, might, in fact, be grand film material. Richard Darwall has written his biography in "Madcap's Progress," reviewed this week; "The Bear" is one of the book's many illustrations

A CORRECTION

Under a photograph of Herbert Menges published last month we stated that he was unmarried. This is not correct. Mr. and Mrs. Menges were married in June last year; we apologise to both of them for our mistake.

"Bystander" Trophy-ists at Weston-super-Mare : by H. H. Harris

E. A. S. Alexander and A. W. Forsdike attacking the bogey of Weston

A. F. Carris thoroughly enjoyed his golf

Frank Gentle showing Little (A. L.) Awdry round the course

Capt. M. Ravenhill and Capt. C. H. Alison on any fairway

"Me two! Tweenty-two!" Hedley Leek and his caddie

More sketches by our Cartoonist will appear next week

D. G. Petts pushing his ball into the wind, while his partner, F. P. Harborne, keeps smiling

The secretary, R. A. Riddell, and the president, Frank Gee

The finishes of E. J. Poole and C. H. Young and the beginning of Russell Kerry

Romyn, the Winner, Chipping from the Edge of the 7th Green in the Final

The "Bystander" £500 Trophy (6th Year)

Good Golf, Good Company and Grand Weather at Weston-super-Mare : the Holder Wins Again

By J. S. F. Morrison

THE sixth BYSTANDER Trophy golf meeting was held on the course of the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club. The course, which runs along the sea-shore at the southern end of the town, measures 6086 yards, and provides most interesting golf, with about half-a-dozen really outstanding holes, which any golf club would be proud to have on its course. It was also, for the time of year, in first-class playing condition, and those who missed putts admitted freely that they had only themselves to blame. A nice breeze blew from the south on both days of the competition, and it was proved that the golf in these conditions was far from easy by the fact that the best scratch return was as high as 75 : it was returned by L. G. Crawley, and was too high to qualify him in the Trophy Eight.

The best score in the medal qualifying rounds was a 71 by J. G. W. Foster, of the Berrow Artisans G.C., who is not yet sixteen years of age. Foster won his first match in the knock-out stages of the tournament

Winner, Runner-up and Trophy

The name R. H. Romyn, of Bridlington, goes on to the "Bystander" Trophy for the second year running. After only just qualifying in the medal round with 76, he beat MacDonnell in the first round of match-play, Allen in the semi-final, and W. L. Hall, of Pickeridge, in the final by 5 and 4

J. A. MacDonnell

This player from West Middlesex qualified with 73, lost to Romyn in the first match-play round

J. A. H. Whitby and W. D. Cavell

Whitby comes from Henbury, and he was third best of the qualifiers with 73; in the match-play he lost to Foster

Potentates of the Weston Club

This bench-full in the sun consists of R. A. Riddell, the secretary, B. M. Whithard, an ex-president, H. S. Blick, the honorary treasurer, and P. G. Slee, of the Greens Committee. They provided excellent weather for the meeting

K. V. Braddon, G. Wilcox, F. G. Smith
"Didn't you qualify either, old boy?"

B. D. Carris, H. D. Grey
"See if I've added it up right"

M. Georgy and A. S. Marriott
"Isn't it about our zero hour?"

H. Parker Rees and D. Henchie

W. S. Taylor and H. S. Allen

Allen, of Burnham and Berrow, qualified with 81-6=75. In the match play he beat A. C. Vowles by one hole, and then fell to Romyn by 3 and 1

by doing a four at the nineteenth hole, after a tremendous dog-fight with J. A. H. Whitby of the Henbury G.C. Foster, who plays from a handicap of fourteen, was finally defeated by 3 and 1 by W. L. Hall (Pickeridge), who was the only scratch man to qualify in the Trophy Eight. It will not be long, I am sure, before Foster's handicap is reduced; in fact, I shall not be at all surprised to find that it is scratch in a few years' time.

Eighty-four golfers actually played in the tournament, their handicaps ranged from the plus two of Crawley to the twenty-two of H. H. Tickler (Burnham Beeches). Tickler required a five at the last hole to qualify in the Trophy Eight, but unfortunately for him took a nasty eleven, which put him in the sixth eight, which he won by beating in the final G. Wilcox, another member of the Berrow Artisans G.C., who plays from scratch like his club-mate, F. G. Smith, who reached the semi-final of the English Championship at Saunton last year, and who has been in the final of the West of England Championship; he returned 76, the second best scratch score, and was then beaten, after the longest match in the tournament, on the twenty-fourth green, by B. D. Carris, who went on to win the final of the second eight.

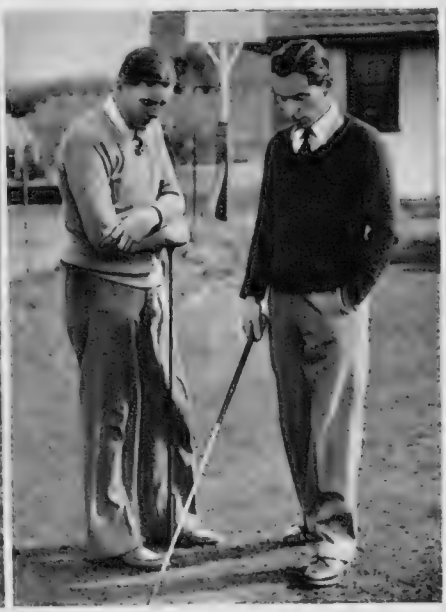
R. H. Romyn, who travelled all the way from Bridlington to defend his title, won the Trophy again, playing off a handicap of five. When Romyn won last year at Felixstowe, his handicap was six. Last year Romyn only qualified in the Trophy Eight after a tie, by having the best score for the last nine holes; and this year qualified with the highest qualifying score.

It is really extraordinary how often people who qualify by the skin of their teeth, go on to win golf tournaments and even open championships.

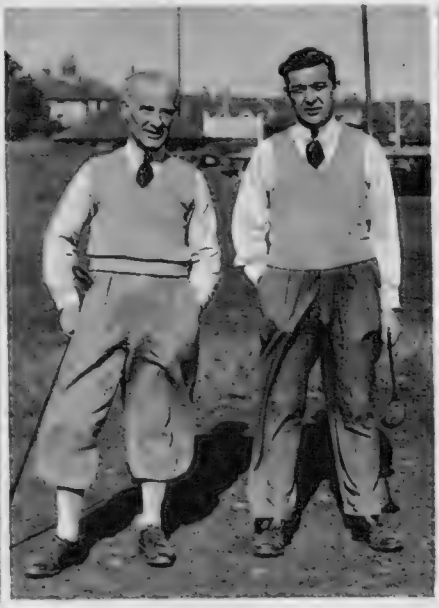
After qualifying, Romyn was only seriously troubled by H. S. Allen, who plays from six handicap at the neighbouring Burnham and Berrow G.C. When this match stood all square on the fifteenth tee, and both players had hit perfect tee-shots, it looked anyone's match; but Romyn had other ideas, and won that hole and the next two to win the match by 3 and 1. In the first round he beat J. A. MacDonnell (West Middlesex) by 4 and 3, and in the final he defeated W. L. Hall by 5 and 4. Hall started the final very shakily, and very nervously, and lost the first three holes to ordinary play by his opponent. He actually never recovered from this disastrous start; at the sixth hole he began to hit his shots as a scratch player should, and when he holed a chip shot for a two at the seventh hole, there appeared a chance of him worrying his opponent, but all hope disappeared when he missed a short putt on the eighth green to give Romyn his three-hole lead again, and he subsequently was never in sight of saving the match. Romyn is an experienced match player and like all good

(*Concluded on page* ii)

J. G. W. Foster, of Berrow Artisans, led the qualifiers with 71, lost to Hall in the semi-final; he is with A. F. Carris



S. H. R. Hornby, trophy winner in 1936, is with a fellow member of the Burnham and Berrow Club, F. R. C. Love



These two are C. Lalonde, captain of the Weston-super-Mare Club, and L. A. Olive, winner of the 5th eight

K. C. Moore and J. M. Ogden faced the camera at the eleventh tee

The University Golf Match at Westward Ho!

The four pictures on this page are of incidents in the diamond jubilee golf match between Oxford and Cambridge, which the latter won by six points after two days' play in glorious weather. G. G. D. Carter, the Cambridge captain, is here playing an iron shot in the foursome he and Winton lost Kenneth Scott (Winchester and Trinity), the Oxford captain, exploded out of one of the Royal North Devon's bunkers on his way to the seventeenth. In the foursomes he and Lawrie won handsomely from Carter and Winton. In the top single he was four down to Carter at lunch, but made an exciting recovery to halve

Howard Marshall on Sport

I SEE that H. W. Austin is retiring from Davis Cup lawn tennis largely because from now on he wants to play for pleasure. There are naturally other considerations. He thinks we should build up a young team, and that is true enough, though without him we shall be going back practically to the nursery.

Even so, his decision is interesting. Every time a first-class games player wearies of the competitive strain and says so, I feel inclined to cheer.

Now and again players appear who seem to enjoy the stimulus of the big occasion. Jean Borotra was one of them, and he made himself immensely popular with the Wimbledon crowd because he was so obviously happy on the court. He reminded us that a championship might be amusing instead of a grim, ferocious struggle.

Unfortunately men like Borotra are rare in the modern sporting racket. Most players find the pace too much for their sense of humour. I still maintain that when a game ceases to be amusing it ceases to be a game.

I hope, at any rate, that Austin will now be able to enjoy himself. With Davis Cup responsibilities off his shoulders he may do himself full justice at Wimbledon, and come into his own at last.

I'M sorry to hear that Don Bradman, on his way to England with the Australian cricket team, is ill in bed, suffering from a sore throat. Last time he was over here he was desperately ill with appendicitis, and he was also one of the victims of the sore throat epidemic which struck the Australians at Manchester, and gave rise to such alarming and unfounded rumours. I remember being woken up by the telephone in the small hours by someone who wanted to know if it was true that half the Australians were down with typhoid.

We cannot afford to have Bradman ill, enormously though it would lighten England's task. Much of the interest of the Australian tour depends upon the little man, and I hope that he will be fit enough to make his usual hundred in the opening match at Worcester.

DOESN'T it seem extraordinary to think that in little more than a month we shall be driving through the Cotswolds, so lovely in the spring, to take our places on the friendly wooden benches which ring the beautiful Worcester ground? There's no game, I think, which has the perennial fascination of cricket.

It is the custom of our more intellectual humorists, bless their hearts, to include cricket among the targets for their wit.

They are often justified, for cricket when it is solemn is apt to be as stupid and comic as any other of mankind's antics. I think, though, that even Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis or Mr. J. B. Morton would find the Worcester ground on a May evening quite a tolerable place. They might possibly, though I hesitate to suggest it, see in cricket something peculiarly worth-while, something which represents quite admirably the less ridiculous aspects of the English character. Perhaps they will join me in a glass of ale at the tent by the scoring board?

Bradman always makes a hundred at Worcester, just to warn us, in the most urbane manner, of the wrath to come.

After that token of infallibility he is apt to relax, and attempt fantastic strokes, and lure the unwary into asking if he is quite the player he was.

But I must check these thoughts of cricket. After all, football is still with us, though the Rugby variety has become rather desultory. I think myself that the Rugby season might appropriately end with the Calcutta Cup match. Anything after that is anti-climax, apart from the Easter tours, which hardly come into the serious programme.

Begin the season in October, end it with the Calcutta Cup match, and we have as much Rugby football as the average player can stomach. Towards the end of March staleness sets in strongly. Packing the bag is a weariness. Cleaning the boots is a misery. The game itself is a bore. Then is the time to cut it out and lie fallow till next winter.

(Concluded on page 512)

John Langley was in great form, won an exciting double with Goodban from Bond and Physick, won an easy single from Lawrie. He is Cambridge's captain for next season — the third successive Stoic to hold the post

J. C. Lawrie (Winchester and B.N.C.) has been elected Oxford's captain for 1938-9, and like Langley of Cambridge follows a schoolfellow in the post. He is here taking an iron to the eighteenth green in the foursomes of Wednesday

Πάντων μέσ' ἄριστα . . .

μηδὲν ἄγαν σπεύδειν· πάντων μέσ' ἄριστα, καὶ οὕτως
ἔξεις. Κύρν', ἀρετὴν· ἣν τε λαβεῖν χαλεπόν. THEOGNIS.

WOLSELEY *strike the Happy Mean*

"Strike the happy mean," is sound car philosophy. An extra 10 m.p.h. is dearly bought if you have to stand the racket of discomfort. Snake-like body lines are poor exchange for ample head room and safe road vision.

Is there any happy mean between the car one cannot afford to drive and the car one cannot afford to be seen driving ?

The intelligent man's solution is Wolseley. He is able to get from one place to another at speed consistent with luxurious comfort and easy effortless control of his car which, in roominess, airiness and silence has all the amenities of his private study.

Moreover, both the price and character of his Wolseley are exactly en suite with his standing in life. Wolseley Cars are a classic example of the Englishman's genius for balance which successfully assures him everything he desires.

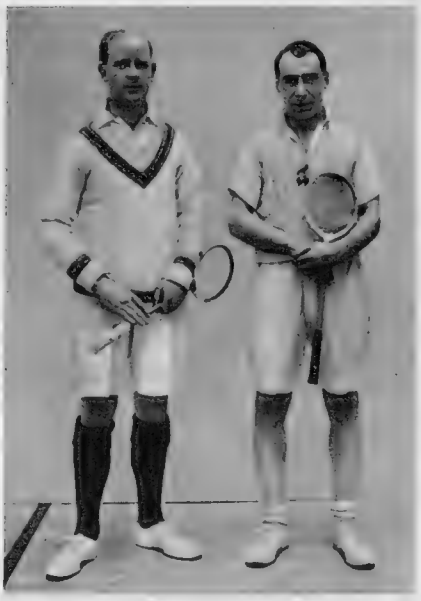
"I have had a long experience of cars of various makes but I can honestly say that I have never enjoyed driving a car so much as the 18/80 saloon. It combines good looks, roominess, economy and excellent performance." (So says Mr. H. C. Neill of Reigate, who anent one of our recent advertisements in which the word "Beautility" was used, says that Pericles's speech in Thucydides proves that the Greeks had a word for Wolseley all-round excellence). The Wolseley 18/80 is priced from £280.

Wolseley Motors, Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.
BETTER BUILT—A BRITISH CAR

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 510)*

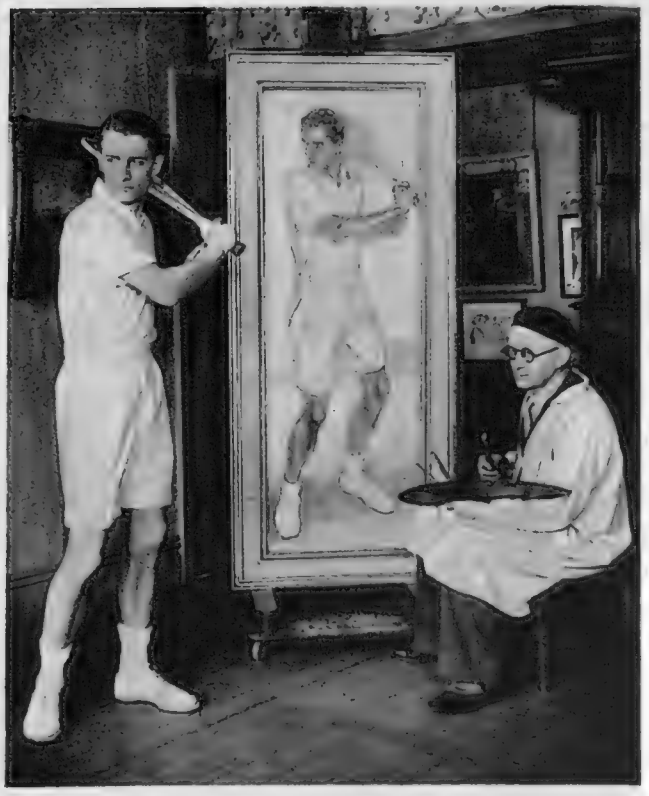
Rackets ex-Champions

J. C. F. Simpson and C. S. Crawley unsuccessfully defended the Amateur Doubles title that they held in 1931, 1936 and 1937. They defeated R. C. Riseley and P. Kershaw in the semi-finals at Queen's, and are now competing in the singles



England v. Scotland

The first squash rackets international was played at St. John's Wood Club (on the eve of the Calcutta Cup match) when England won by 6 games to 1. D. P. Henry, the Bank of England's leading player, represented his country and beat R. A. Lyle in their match



Austin for the Academy

H. W. Austin, whose relinquishment of his place in our Davis Cup team makes one of the three vacancies, has been posing his famous backhand for Mr. Alfred Wolmark. The picture will be submitted for the Academy

THIS has been a good and exceedingly interesting season, for all that. How grandly the Scottish backs ran at Twickenham, to be sure! Ever since England were so soundly defeated, critics have been arguing fiercely that if J. Heaton and R. Leyland had played in the English centre, Scotland could not have won.

I don't believe this. I fancy Heaton and Leyland would have been overrun as comprehensively as Cranmer and Candler were.

Anyway, it does not strike me as particularly generous to Scotland, this insistence that England virtually threw the match away. Those Scottish backs would have beaten any combination England could have put into the field, always supposing that the English pack showed no more initiative than it did in the actual match.

To see the English forwards heeling automatically time after time made me almost bad-tempered. This was not scrummaging. The pack was no more use than a sieve. But there—I am grousing now. Scotland thoroughly deserved their triumph on the day's play, and that is all there is to it.

What a great player Wilson Shaw is, incidentally, and how unfortunate we must count ourselves that he cannot go to South Africa with the British team! This team is not a bad one, though we cannot call it representative. It will give quite a good account of itself, I dare say, though why English forwards like R. J. Longland have been left out is beyond my comprehension. Longland would have been the ideal type of front-row man, and he should have been selected, I'm sure of that.

THERE is sudden activity in the boxing world again. The National Sporting Club are anxious to stage a most ambitious programme in the new Earl's Court building. If it materialises, Tommy Farr would fight Ben Foord or Walter Neusel, and we should have a chance of seeing Henry Armstrong, the world's feather-weight champion, against Jimmy Walsh or Dave Crowley.

This seems to me an optimistic venture, for I doubt whether Farr will be tempted back from America yet awhile, unless the purse is very large. Any programme which included Armstrong would be exceedingly interesting. Armstrong is a negro, and those who have seen him tell me that as a combination of boxer and fighter he is in a class by himself — the cleverest, fastest thing on two legs.

The Harringay authorities are also angling for a big fight, and they would like to put Max Schmeling and Max Baer on, subject to a Ministry of Labour permit, in an eliminating contest for the world title. This again seems unlikely, but what an attraction it would be! These two and Joe Louis are the only heavy-weights who really count in the world to-day.

A Berkshire Winner

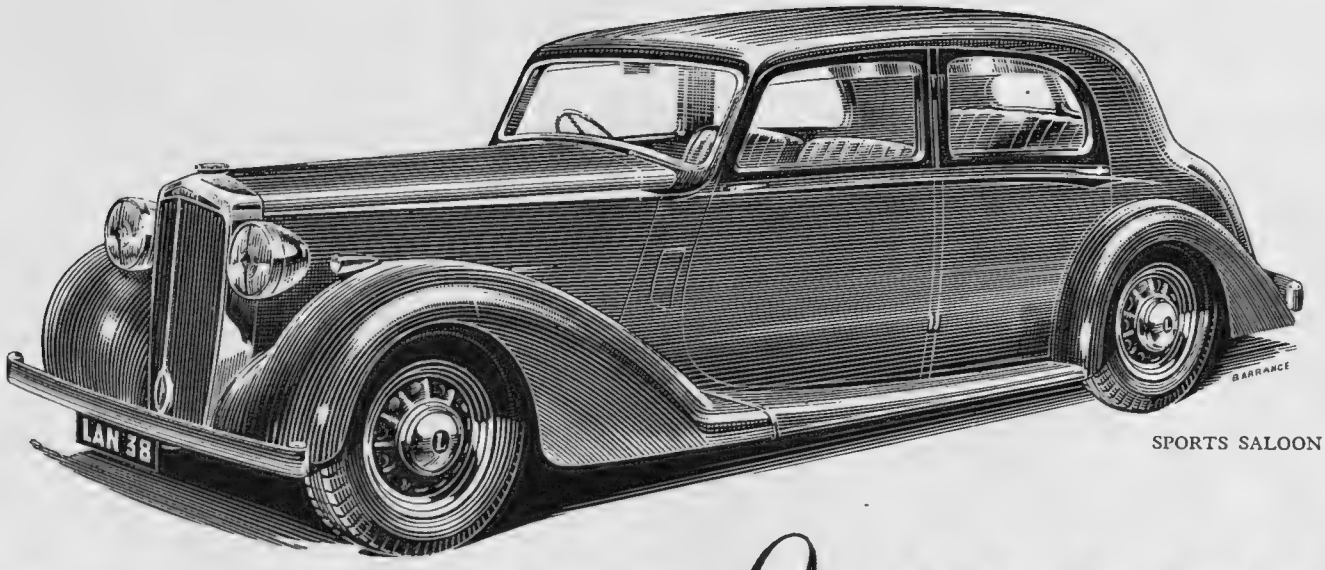
Miss Diana Bell won the Ladies' Nomination (Open) Race in the South Berks point-to-point on her Margery Daw III. The steeplechases were held in glorious weather at Eling Farm, near Newbury

AS for next Saturday's Boat Race, I venture no tentative guesses at the result, since even the most erudite experts seem open-minded. Mr. G. O. Nickalls loosened Oxford up, and gave them the essential leg-drive at the beginning. Cambridge on the Tideway put their finish right. Oxford have the power. Cambridge have proved themselves fast, and capable of a very quick spurt. It looks like being a tremendous race, and if I have a distinct leaning towards Oxford's chances, that is probably bias and prejudice.

WHILE we are talking of rivers, my own thoughts turn to fishing. Before so very long, the trout rod will come down off its hook on the wall, and we shall be strolling to the water's edge with that tingling sense of anticipation which is so strong on the first day of the season. In the meanwhile, the salmon rivers are desperately low. I hear sad tales of diseased fish from the Tweed. They need a good push of water there.

Conditions will right themselves. Fishermen are like farmers—always in trouble with the weather. But how good it is to think of that first walk from the fishing cottage, and the first dimple under the far bank which shows a feeding fish!

LESLIE COTTON is now demonstrating and teaching his brother Henry's system at Messrs. Spaldings' Sports Shop, 318, High Holborn (two minutes from Chancery Lane Tube Station). Leslie Cotton has made a name for himself as a teacher and through Henry Cotton's new association with Spaldings, Leslie has Henry's co-operation and assistance, so is now able to offer this special tuition. He is at the shop from 10 to 6.



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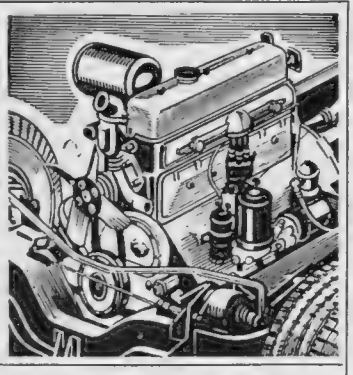
In ONE CAR *for the first time*

1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



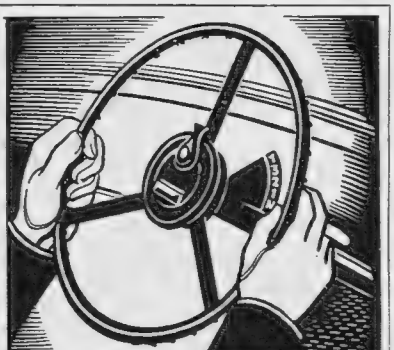
2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO

The new Lanchester Roadrider is unique in this respect. It is the first time that any car has had incorporated in it every single worth-while motoring improvement. This is a remarkable achievement in any car: for a car so low-priced as £365 it is doubly remarkable.

Think what these sixteen features mean to motoring comfort. Independent front wheel springing floats the Roadrider over the most wicked ruts. The high power-weight ratio lets it speed away from a traffic block ahead of the others. The low centre of gravity and anti-roll control bars nurse it round bends at speed so that no suggestion of roll or sway is felt. And the great boon, the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission, gives the driver such absolute mastery over the car *at his finger-tips* that all the strain is cut out of driving.

Without a doubt, this new Lanchester Roadrider De Luxe is a joy and a pride to own.

3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY



4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

14 QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

16 INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

The new **LANCHESTER** *Roadrider* DE-LUXE

'Eighteen' from £525 · 'Roadrider' from £330 · 'Eleven' from £275

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER '14' ROADRIDER DE LUXE *from* **£365** *Tax £10.10*

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchro-mesh gear-box and ordinary clutch.

At Berkshire, Roehampton and Sandy Lodge : By Eleanor E. Helme

SURPRISES are refreshing, and nobody can pretend to have picked West Byfleet as winners of the Ladies' London Foursomes before the event. Mrs. Peel is, of course, an extremely good golfer, with all the wisdom of the game which is imparted by a Scottish upbringing, but it is only a few months since Miss Betty Dix-Perkin was at death's door with a serious operation, which hardly seemed a helpful prelude to winning one of the plums of the golfing season. But they were a supremely good pair, which means that if one dropped a shot the other instantly picked it up again, and Mrs. Peel's putting was a joy to watch—smooth, rhythmical, bold, delicate—you can apply any complimentary adjective and be sure that it will fit her case, and the pluck with which they beat the holders, Addington, had to be seen to be believed.

The appearance of Addington was the chief event of the second day, and in particular the chip which Mrs. Beck—who makes a pleasant habit of holing them now and again—rammed down at the tenth against Sunningdale. Addington had been 3 down, but they never looked back after that chip, and as for their afternoon slaughter, it suggested that nothing thereafter would stop them. Three up at the end of as many holes in the semi-final against West Byfleet confirmed the impression: so did their squaring of the match at the eighteenth, after having dormy three against them. Leaving aside their own good putting, they pulled those back because West Byfleet had been overtaken with the putting jitters, and it looked like the proverbial horse to a hen that Addington would therefore survive at the nineteenth. Instead, it was actually by good putting as opposed to weak that West Byfleet survived—at the twentieth. Which just shows that you never can tell.

IN the other semi-final it would have been reasonable to back Chigwell, for nobody was playing better than Mrs. Iorns, who has now got a powerful swing under fine control, and Miss Wilkins has a great name as a foursomes partner. But Miss Chambers and Miss Palmes have won for Camberley Heath before now, and win they did again, combining splendidly, taking their chances, and fighting tooth and nail when none were offered.

It was they who seemed to dominate the first part of the final, but Mrs. Peel's beautiful putting was the deciding factor. Still, nobody gets the chance to putt unless their partner gives it them, and it was Miss Dix-Perkin who played the three good and counting shots to win the match at the seventeenth.

So a new name decorates the cup, and a fresh club is added to those who hold Mrs. Kenneth Morrice in perpetual gratitude for giving them so delightful a competition to win. Berkshire was a new venue, and if the tees were a trifle too long for iron play to come in for its fair share, the condition it was in was perfect. The only possible grouse was from spectators, and that was that fairway merged so imperceptibly into green that they did not know where to plant their shooting-sticks.

THE weather still kept dry for Roehampton's Gold Cup open meeting the next day, but there was a shrewd wind blowing across its wide, open spaces, and only the hardy Scot—to be precise, the Rugby International XV., complete with kilt, reserves, and what nots, who were lunching there and watched the play—dispensed with overcoats. What they thought of Miss Pam Barton's golf was not revealed, golf being a less articulate game than Rugger, but the rest of the world thought her 75, equalling par, extremely good on that blustery day, with greens still wanting their spring growth. Considering that there was a seven at the eighth—"all about nothing," as one watcher put it—that was good golf, and very worthy to retain the gold cup. Mrs. Alec Gold with 78, and Miss Barton's sister Mervyn with 79 were the only others to break eighty, and that in spite of a highly distinguished field with such exalted folk as Miss Phyllis Wade, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. Walter Greenlees amongst them. Miss Maureen Ruttle, who can still win the Girls' championship thrice, as far as age goes, was competing; her swing has grown freer with woods, and more controlled with irons since her first appearance at Stoke, and Compston has good reason to think hopefully of this pupil of his.

SO he has of Miss Audrey Regnart, who, after a winter of his coaching, is hitting the ball much further and more convincingly and does, in fact, look a very good golfer indeed now. That she does more than look was proved by her very sterling performance in winning the Silver Jubilee scratch challenge cup at Sandy Lodge's open meeting, tieing with Miss Pam Barton at 79, and winning a replay over five holes with twenty-two to twenty-three. Miss Regnart tied for that cup in its first year, and lost the tie, so poetic justice was well served in her win this time. Moreover, she seemed more inside her figures than Miss Barton. To be sure the latter had to perform with a borrowed putter, having left her own at home by mistake, but she putted well enough, and it was unsteadiness with the other clubs which cost her dear.

A very delightful meeting that, with weather that lived up to the unbroken slogan "Sandy for sun"; and so was Roehampton. The rest of 1938 has some standard to equal.

The Jubilee Cup at Sandy Lodge

Miss Audrey Regnart won the Jubilee Cup after a tie with Miss Pam Barton at 79. They played five holes more, for which Miss Regnart's 22 was one stroke better than her opponent's score. She has had a winter's coaching from Compston and is a much improved player. The other two Sandy Lodge competitors in the centre photograph are Mrs. C. M. Turner and Miss Betty Hollingsworth

Miss Pam Barton

A day or two before the Jubilee Cup she won the Gold Scratch Challenge Cup at Roehampton for the third time; her 75, equalling the course par, was a fine score for a windy, difficult day

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Unusual plaid effects are stressed this season, and nearly every tailored suit, apart from the strictly classic type, is in two or more contrasting colours. One model shown at a recent collection consisted of a plain green knife-pleated skirt and a close-fitting jacket in which plain and fancy fabrics were allied. The sleeves and shoulders were brightly checked and the rest plain. In the same way a shepherd's plaid suit in black and magenta had the jacket bordered with royal blue. This unusual colour combination was accentuated still more by a full-length top-coat in the same vivid shade of blue. Jackets and short "jigger" coats, either plain, striped, or checked, are being shown at Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street. They are not only very gay but delightfully practical to wear with an odd skirt. The model standing on the right has chosen a close-fitting jacket in the dress Stuart tartan which is noted for its attractive colouring. It is neatly tailored and costs five and a half guineas, while the plain black wool skirt is fifty-nine and sixpence

Scott Bushe

Step by Step

It is always accessories that count in good dressing, and the smart woman is the first to appreciate these things. She is trained to be foot-conscious, and her first thought after buying a suit is to visit Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street. This firm are showing all sorts of delightful shoes to wear with Spring clothes, including the models on this page. Starting with the trio above, there is the becoming suède shoe on the left to wear with a classic tailor-made. It has a perforated vamp and is bolstered with patent leather. The suède bag in the foreground has been specially designed to go with it. Gaberdine is used for the tie-shoes in the centre with patent tips and wide, cross-over bands. These cost 65s. 9d., and are also accompanied by a matching handbag. An ideally cool shoe to wear with summer frocks is seen on the right. It is made in perforated suède, toe-less, with an adjustable swing strap, and is accompanied by an amusing handbag

Cubit shoes, the most sensational foot news in America, have crossed the Atlantic, and may now be seen in the Dolcis showrooms. Their unusual appearance is achieved by filling in the instep, giving a perfectly flat sole from heel to toe. This ensures an easy, firm tread and gives added support to the foot. The model above on the right costs 65s. 9d. in coloured suède. Another American novelty is the "platform" shoe on the left of the circle in suède and calf. This is built with thick resilient soles which give length to the leg and a sense of walking on air. Two contrasting types of shoe are shown at the bottom of the page. The sandals on the far left cost four guineas, in suède with broad criss-cross straps and a comfortably low heel. Next to them is an excellent promenade tie-shoe in black suède with lizard strapping

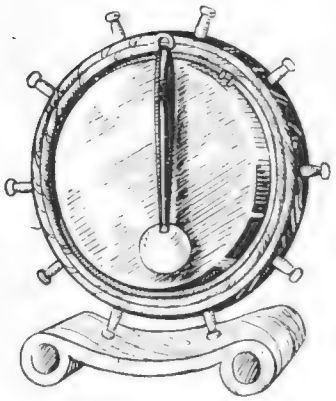
Scott Bushe

in search of Novelties

the Bystander Twins

discovered by peta pictured by pam

Any seafaring man would feel flattered if you sent him the ashtray on the right. In blue china, it is anchored to a satin-walnut stand and costs seven and sixpence in the gift department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly



Practical presents are always so much more acceptable than something which is purely ornamental, and here is a decorative dinner-gong in the shape of a ship's capstan. It is also made in walnut with a chromium-plated sounding-board and costs twenty-two and sixpence at Swan and Edgar

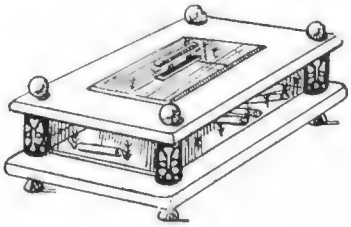
Handbags always appeal to children, and this somewhat ferocious animal would attract both young and old, as it can be treated either as a toy or as a perfectly practical utility bag. It is made of black American cloth and costs four and sixpence at Swan and Edgar

Here is a charming bedside lamp designed by Janet Kaines, 47, South Audley Street, for a modern home. It is in verdigris bronze with gilt ornamentation and costs two pounds seven and sixpence. Its rounded lines and mushroom appearance are essentially modern and very attractive

This notecase strewn with rare stamps from all parts of the world has been designed by Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly. It is lined with pin seal and is of special interest to stamp collectors. Below it is a silver and ivory cigarette-lighter engraved with the owner's thumb-print

Weddings are in the news just now, and here is a delightful sherry set for the bride-elect. Wrought iron and pottery tiles painted with picturesque scenes combine to make the tray, while the decanter and base of glasses are also in pottery. It costs four guineas, and comes from Janet Kaines

Nothing is more embarrassing than to find you have offered your friends an empty cigarette-box, but with the one below from Janet Kaines you can see the contents at a glance as both the lid and sides are in blue glass. It is framed in sycamore and has embossed leather supports in blue and gold



The man who enjoys a pipe after dinner will appreciate this smoker's set from Dunhill's. The outsize pipe is really a tobacco-jar in Doulton pottery, while the velvet cap is a relic of bygone days. It is not unlike a fez with a red and black tassel, and costs a guinea

Eight Cheerful Non-Qualifiers in the "Bystander" £500 Trophy at Weston-super-Mare

H. C. Davies and D. Wood — *E. J. Poole and D. G. H. Wright* — *A. A. Parkiss Ginn and H. R. Tallis*

P. D. Boocock and P. J. Urlwin Smith sat down while they waited. Eighty-four players took out cards in this competition

The "Bystander" £500 Trophy

(Continued from page 509)

match players, when offered an inch immediately takes an ell.

OLD stalwarts of this tournament to win eights were Frank Gentle (third eight), J. J. Buchanan (fourth eight), S. H. Newman (eighth eight), and Captain C. H. Alison (tenth eight).

The following, who were playing in this tournament for the first time, were the winners of the remaining eights: B. D. Carris, Moor Park (second eight); L. A. Olive, Bristol and Clifton (fifth eight); H. H. Tickler (sixth eight), S. I. Fripp, Royal Mid-Surrey (seventh eight); Dr. K. C. Mallen (ninth eight), who was the only member of the Weston-super-Mare G.C. to win a prize; and H. Parker-Rees, West Middlesex (eleventh eight).

I cannot finish this article without thanking, on behalf of all the players and myself, the members of the Weston-super-Mare G.C. for granting us permission to play on their delightful course, and for doing everything in their power to assure that all the golfers enjoyed themselves and their golf.

I SHOULD like to take this opportunity to thank especially R. A. Riddell, the secretary, on whose shoulders the brunt of the burden fell, and who worked so hard and cheerfully. It was largely due to his efforts that everything ran so smoothly. R. A. Riddell has been secretary to the Weston-super-Mare G.C. for thirty-three years: at one time he was a first-class golfer, and has defeated many distinguished players in the West of England Championships. He may not nowadays be a first-class player, but he certainly is a first-class secretary and a first-class organiser.

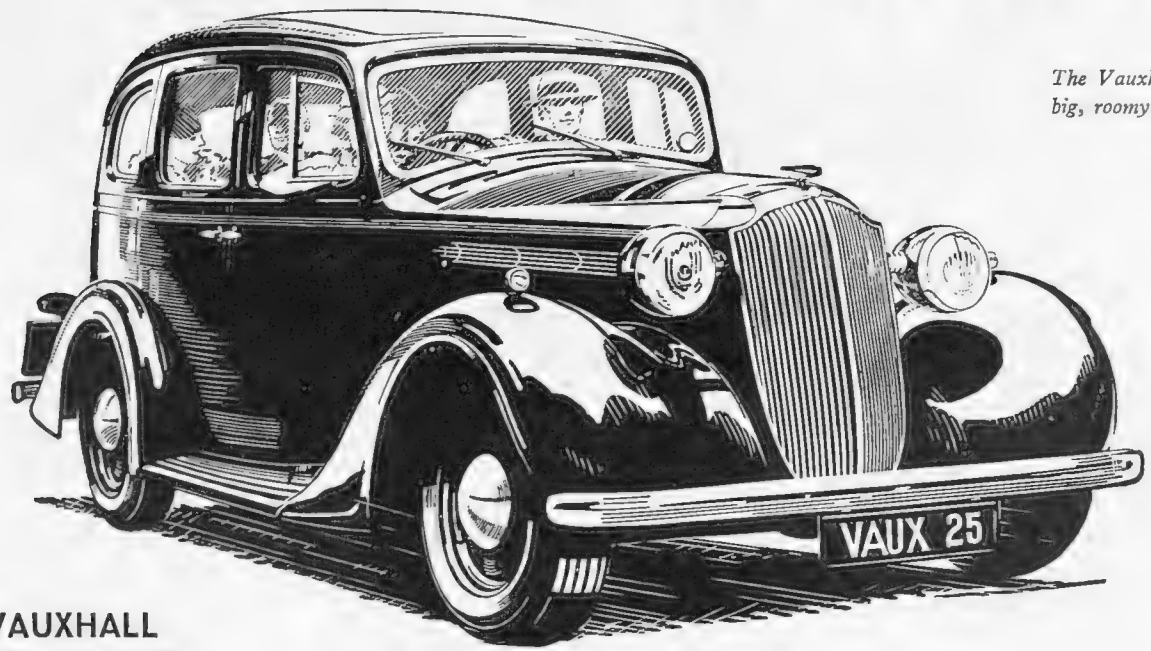
The Open Mixed Foursomes Bogey Competition at Monte Carlo for the "Bystander" Cups

Miss Rosemary Stanley, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Victor Stanley, and Mr. Ralph Thomas won the "Bystander" cups with a one-up score. They also won the first sweep of 600 francs

Runners-up round the Mont-Agel course were Mr. T. L. Lane and Miss Woodward. They returned a score of all-square with bogey, and took the second sweep prize—100 francs

The competition was played at 3000 feet in brilliant sun and complete lack of wind. Miss Ayliffe Neill, in slacks and partnered by Mr. M. R. Lefebure, was 11th, 8 down

FACTS for the Big Car Owner



The Vauxhall 25 h.p.—a big, roomy 5-seater saloon.

£315

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

gives these advantages in the Vauxhall 25

Independent Suspension
(riding changed to gliding)

Hydraulic Brakes
(double-safety; smooth; powerful)

Performance with Economy
(80 m.p.h.—over 20 m.p.g.)

Controlled Synchromesh on all Forward Gears
(you can forget the gearbox)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

The Vauxhall 25 has many other advanced features, such as a built-in car heater, No-Draught Ventilation; reversing light; adjustable steering column; ample enclosed luggage accommodation; mechanical windscreen wipers; articulated spring gaiters; helically-cut gears, and so on.

Saloon £315. 7-str. Limousine - £595.

In this brief announcement we can give only a few facts about the Vauxhall 25. Such as, for instance, that it was built to meet world competition (and according to owners) is doing so . . . that on a recent R.A.C. official test, over 1,000 miles of public roads, the 25 h.p. Saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. We have not room to explain why the acceleration is so virile . . . how the infinitely variable suspension gives such comfort and stability and changes riding into gliding . . . . why the hydraulic brakes are "double-safety" . . . . why Vauxhall Synchromesh is so different from just "synchromesh" . . . . or describe the built-in car heater and defroster and many other features of an outstanding luxury car. Yet the Saloon costs only £315.

But—the whole story is interestingly told in a book entitled "Facts". It will appeal even to the least technically-minded. Will you write for a copy to "Magazines", Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton? You'll be interested, even though you may never buy a Vauxhall 25.

VAUXHALL

If you are interested in a smaller car ask your local Vauxhall dealer to show you these models:—

10 H.P. another outstanding example of Vauxhall Engineering Leadership. In a recent R.A.C. official trial, the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Many big features, including Independent Springing, controlled synchromesh, overhead valves. Saloons from £168.

★

12 H.P. a companion car to the famous Vauxhall 14. The ideal model for motorists who want a car that will do almost everything the 14 will do but are content with a slightly smaller engine. Independent Springing. A Six at the price of a Four. Saloon £215.

★

14 H.P. became the most popular 14 h.p. car when introduced. Thanks to Vauxhall Engineering Leadership, it still leads. In a recent R.A.C. official trial, the 14 h.p. Saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230. 7-str. Limousine £595.

Who Flies and Why

By Charles Ward

THERE are as many reasons for flying anywhere as for going by other means of transport; in addition, aviation can be a sport or pastime, a hobby or form of recreation, a business either commercial or official. In the R.A.F., our pilots are not only trained for battle, should the emergency ever arise, but are engaged on police duties and errands of mercy in many parts of the Empire. In Waziristan, for instance, Vickers "Valentia" aircraft transported 260 tons of supplies and 4400 men, including sick and wounded, to and from the British garrison at Wana—this over a period of six months during last year. In Palestine the R.A.F. is employed in locating armed bands of robbers and in protecting road convoys.

NO more peaceful pursuit can be imagined than archæology, a science which aviation is peculiarly fitted to assist. The sites of many ancient towns and monuments have been located first from the air and before excavation is started on the ground nowadays. Aerial photographs form the map on which work is planned. "Bishop Flies During Black-Out"—"Tons of Gold By Air"—"Clouston and Ricketts Order Two Beds, Two Bathing Suits and A Good Meal"—these are three recent headlines in daily papers. By the time these notes are read, the return flight record to Australia and New Zealand should have been broken. Clouston's claim to fame as pilot and navigator is established already, and the veteran "Comet" with its Gipsy engines should find a place of honour in which to rest.

THE race for the King's Cup will be flown at Hatfield on July 2nd. The course is 1000 miles in length, divided into 20 laps of 50 miles each. A compulsory halt of 30 minutes is to be made at the end of each of five laps. Minimum handicap speed is 140 miles an hour, a step-up of 10 miles an hour on last year's limit. Estimated performance will be the basis of handicaps, a snag which has prevented the race from becoming a popular event in the past. Some concession to the taste for spectacle is provided this year, in that some competitors will be visible throughout the six hours or so during which the race is taking place. Everybody and everything entered and flown must be British. Lord Wakefield, still The Patron of sporting aviation in this country, has given £2000 in prize money.

THE Atlantic flying season will commence in May. Tests during the summer will be confined to the "Albatross," cruising at 210 miles an hour and the "Mayo" seaplane to be launched from the back of "Maia" from Foynes, in the Free State, to Botwood, in Newfoundland. The "four nations" conference that met in Dublin last week, decided to push ahead with air mail plans as fast as possible. The Atlantic link is of importance, not only to aviation but for political and strategic reasons. To Africa and the Far East, the mails go by air automatically. Egypt is 29 hours distant from London, Kisumu, 3 days, and Karachi, 2½ days, these times being achieved without night flying! The longest scheduled day flight is 1800 miles at an average speed of 160 miles an hour.

Charles E. Brown

Prototype of the Airspeed "Oxford," a twin-engined trainer designed for the Royal Air Force. It has the same excellent characteristics as the "Envoy," which is an air liner in miniature. The King and members of the Royal Family use an "Envoy" when flying on official occasions

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Hands *(Continued from page 504)*

which was very close to his own. She was not old, not young, with a firm, clear skin and brown eyes. She looked at him and shook her head. He breathed painfully and tried to talk to her. But the voice which came was queerly not his own voice. It was harsher and deeper than his. It was as if he had become somebody else, and he grew suddenly frightened and alone.

"Nurse," he said in the voice which was not his voice, "A mirror, nurse. Can I have a mirror?"

The nurse frowned uncertainly at first. Then she nodded, and in a moment or two came to him again and held a glass in front of his face. He looked at it intently, like a very young child. He was the same, yet not the same. Part of his face was bandaged and his skin was discoloured. But it was him all right. He still had part of his shirt on. It was a bit bloody, and there was a small oil-spot on it. It was funny they hadn't undressed him properly. And then he remembered. He was going to die.

Maybe he was dead already, except for his mind. How queer that was. His body was broken and torn and he couldn't feel it, couldn't move it even, and yet he was alive because his brain was alive. He didn't feel frightened about dying, only angry. It seemed such a damned shame that he should have to die this way. But he was lucky, maybe, lucky not to be in pain. So perhaps he ought. . . . But he had to keep his eye open. Every time he shut it he saw the track again and the car lurching up into the wall. Over and over again, over and over again, until he felt he would go mad. He looked into the mirror again.

The nurse was holding it steadily and patiently in front of him as she stood there watching. She had a queer little smile on her lips. He noticed his arms, all bound up, yards and yards of bandage and padding; so much that they dwarfed his body. It was funny, because he could still feel the wheel in his hands. It was lucky, too, because it made him feel safe. If he had nothing to hold on to he would go mad. But while he had this he would be all right. Just so long as he could hold on . . . hold on. Just so long as he had the rim of the wheel between his fingers.

His eye closed, and he was back in the car. But this time he was going slower. It was easier now, and cool. The jolting had gone, as well, and he knew that when he reached the turn he would not crash. He was not going to die then, after all, and felt glad. The car rolled on, slower and slower; for hours, for days, for years. It was getting darker, too, but he could still see the track in front of him. As long as the steering held out he would be safe now . . . safe . . . quite safe.

When the car stopped, he felt suddenly very tired and fell forward across the wheel. . . .

INTENTLY, the nurse looked down at his bruised face, and then walked to the door. She called to the doctors and they came in and went over to the bed. They looked at one another for a second, and the fat one shrugged his shoulders and rubbed his hands together slowly with a noise like dry paper.

"He's asleep, isn't he?" the nurse said. "He is, isn't he, doctor?"

The tall doctor nodded. Then he said: "Yes. If he can sleep now he stands a good chance. He must be a strong boy to hold on after losing all that blood."

The fat doctor shrugged his shoulders again. "They must be crazy, these boys," he said. "It's all they know, too. And how's this one going to get along when he gets out of here? How's he going to earn a living, the way he is now?"

The nurse looked puzzled. "Why not?" she said. "What's the matter with him earning a living, doctor? What's going to stop him?"

The fat doctor looked at the bed. "His hands," he said. "They were broken to pulp. I had to amputate." He nodded his head thoughtfully. "It was an interesting operation," he said.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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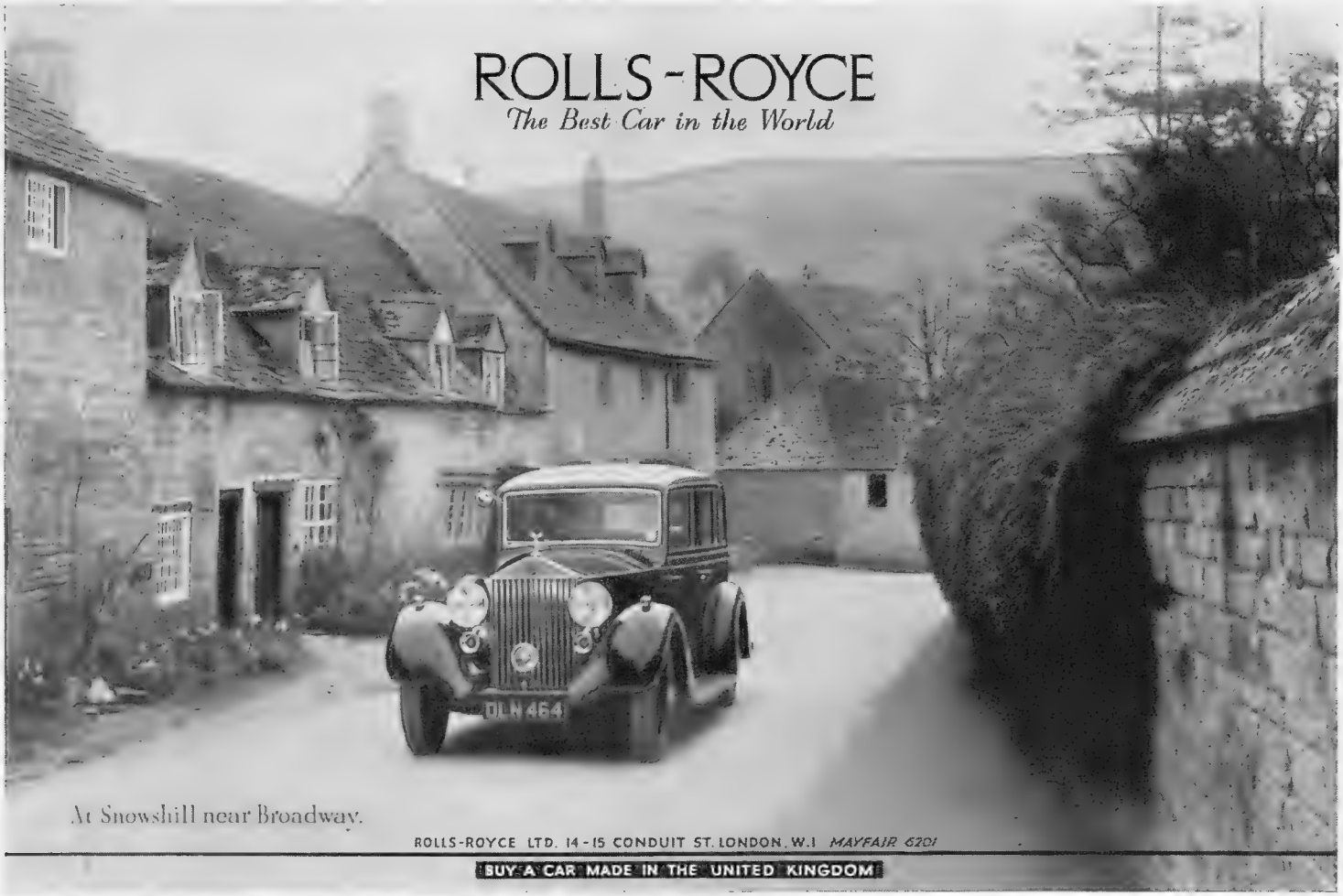

At Snowshill near Broadway.

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1 *MAYFAIR 6201*

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

The Finest Car in the World

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

HOOPER & Co. (COACHBUILDERS) LTD. 54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON. W. 1.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

OPINIONS differ on the subject of the desired weight-for-power of cars for attacking the World's Land Speed Record. Cars which have been successful during the past few years do not really indicate a true basis for calculation, as Segrave's 203 m.p.h. Sunbeam was considerably heavier than the Golden Arrow. The ill-fated White-Triplex on which Lee Bible was killed was heavier still. Frank Lockhart's wonderful Stutz was extremely light, on the other hand, and this car, too, killed its driver when it got out of control at speed. Parry Thomas's chain-driven Leyland-Thomas Babs was another of the heavy brigade which crashed whilst Forresti's Djelmo was one of the lighter aspirants which got out of control and threw its driver out, Forresti having one of the most miraculous escapes in the history of racing. Campbell's Blue Bird was rather betwixt and between where weight is concerned, but Eyston's Thunderbolt is the heaviest of the lot, scaling 7½ tons.

Broadly, the majority of designers favour weight—not only to keep the car on the ground, but because momentum is a factor to be reckoned with once the initial stresses of acceleration have been mastered. Heavy cars are, of course, much more difficult to pull up after the completion of the "flat-out" mile, but Eyston's performance has shown us that this factor does not present insuperable difficulties.

The Hudson Super Terraplane. Mr. Hess deals with this 21·6-h.p. special saloon this week

IN view of these considerations, it is all the more interesting to learn that the car with which John Cobb hopes to attain 350 m.p.h. this year is to weigh less than two tons. Reid Railton, its designer, has had unique experience in these matters, having been associated with Parry Thomas in the Leyland-Thomas days and having been responsible for the Blue Bird and the Napier-Railton.

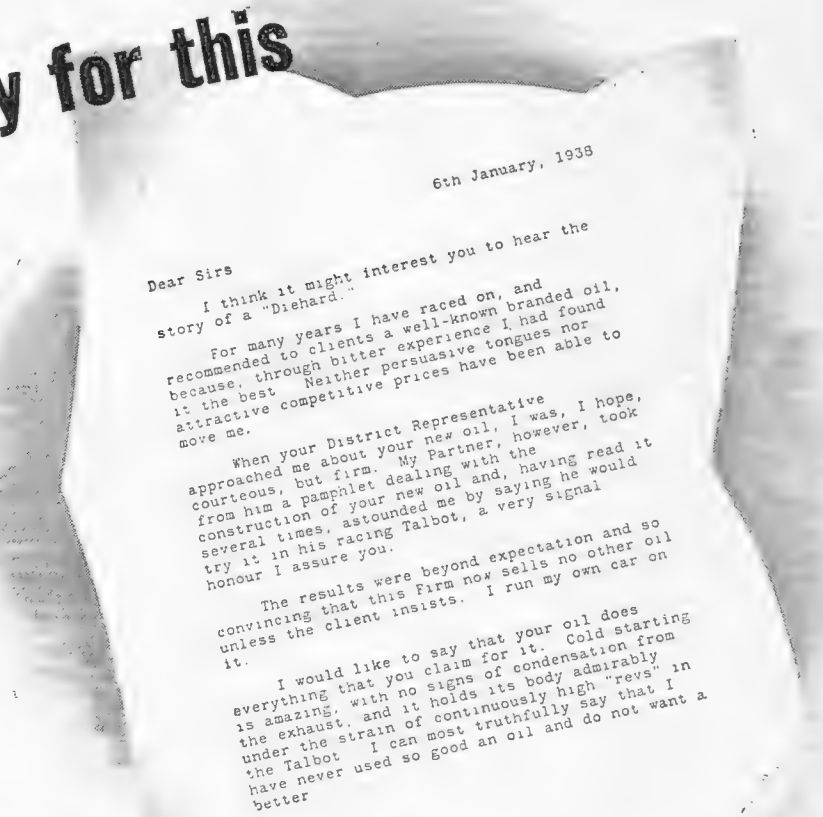
The new car has two Napier Lion aero engines, giving a total of 2700 horse-power, set cross-wise in the frame, the driver sitting right out in front in a streamlined cockpit giving an uninterrupted view of the course. The drive is taken on all four wheels on Cobb's new car, which has been built in great secrecy in a guarded shed at Brooklands—so closely guarded, in fact, that some of the foregoing details have not previously been divulged!

Little is known yet of the new car which Ab Jenkins, the American driver, is said to be preparing for an attack on the record, but in all his previous cars this driver has favoured weight. The Auto-Union, however, with which Germany is expected to enter into the Land Speed Record fray this

(*Concluded on page* viii)

NO, we did not pay for this

When shown this letter most people say "How much did that cost you?" The answer is "NOTHING WHATEVER." We will prove to anyone interested that it is the honest opinion of a well known motorist who is qualified to judge.



6th January, 1938

Dear Sirs

I think it might interest you to hear the story of a "Diehard."

For many years I have raced on, and recommended to clients a well-known branded oil, because, through bitter experience I had found it the best. Neither persuasive tongues nor attractive competitive prices have been able to move me.

When your District Representative approached me about your new oil, I was, I hope, courteous, but firm. My Partner, however, took from him a pamphlet dealing with the construction of your new oil and, having read it several times, astounded me by saying he would try it in his racing Talbot, a very signal honour I assure you.

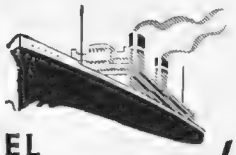
The results were beyond expectation and so convincing that this Firm now sells no other oil unless the client insists. I run my own car on it.

I would like to say that your oil does everything that you claim for it. Cold starting is amazing, with no signs of condensation from the exhaust, and it holds its body admirably under the strain of continuously high "revs" in the Talbot. I can most truthfully say that I have never used so good an oil and do not want a better

NEW SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

EASTER and WHITSUN
AT
LE TOUQUET

HOTEL ROYAL PICARDY
400 ROOMS = 500 BATHS
Open from April 13th until 20th and from June 2nd
THE BEST . . .
and THE MOST Comfortable Hotel
J. WIBBELS, *General Manager.*



ALL THE JOYS OF TRAVEL WITHOUT FEAR OF *Sickness!*

It's true! Travel sickness need never trouble you again — if you are armed with "AIRSEA." Here is a treatment which is as simple as it is effective yet can be taken by young and old, *safely*, without unpleasant after-effects. Already many gratified travellers have acclaimed this marvellous antidote. Be sure to get your supply well in advance of sailing.

"AIRSEA" IS YOUR PASSPORT TO COMFORT!

"Airsea" is now obtainable in two sizes: 4/- and 7/6.

Write for illustrated literature, press opinions, testimonials, etc., post free from the distributors.
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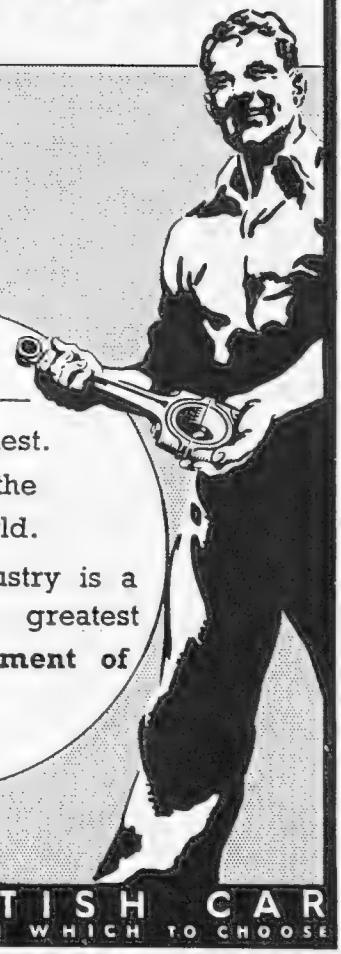
THOS. CHRISTY & CO., LTD.
6-12, OLD SWAN LANE, E.C.4

A Nottingham reader writes:
"... In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about ..... is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

THE SPHERE
is world renowned for its sound comment on current affairs ... its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative.
OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—EVERY FRIDAY

British Cars are Best —
in the long run



British **craftsmanship** — acknowledged the finest. British **engineering** — the soundest in the world. The British motor industry is a **national asset** of the greatest importance to **employment of our own workpeople.**

BUY A BRITISH CAR
THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

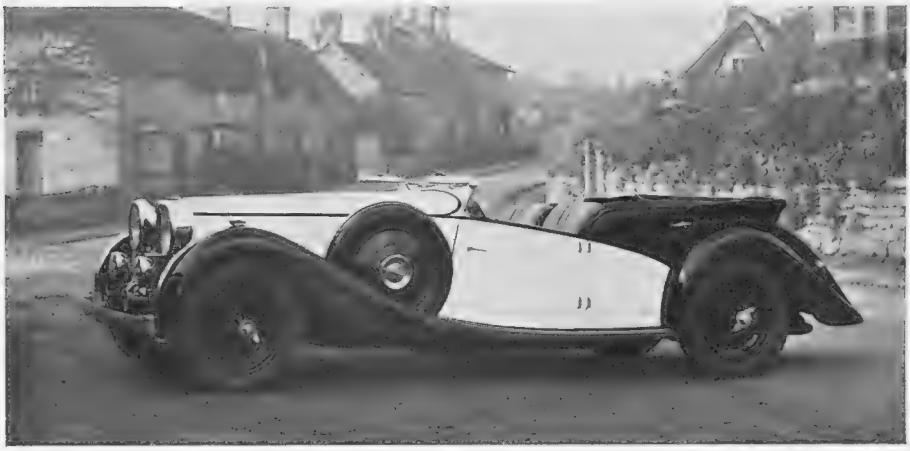
Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* vi)

summer, is said to be an ultra light-weight production—even lighter than Cobb's car. In view of the accident which cost Auto-Unions their best driver, when a gust of wind wrenched one of their light record-breakers from Rosemeyer's grasp at nearly 300 m.p.h. on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn, flinging car and driver right off the road, it is possible that their plans for this very light car to attack the Land Speed Record may have undergone some modification.

I HAVE just had a run in the 21·6-h.p. Super Terraplane Saloon, and I must say I found it an extremely pleasant automobile. A notable absentee, so to speak, from this car is that roll which characterises the cornering of many American cars. The power-unit is a typical American engine, slow-running and powerful, giving wonderful acceleration and a tractable top-gear performance. Although a big car and a fast one, I found it required the minimum of physical effort to drive it for long distances. The steering is, of course, a little low-geared, but not so noticeably so as on many cars from the U.S.A., and I found the 12-volt lighting and the duo-automatic hydraulic brakes admirable. With regard to the former, the foot dimmer-stud was a little awkwardly placed for me, and it was often a matter of some conjecture as to whether or not I should find it in time to reciprocate the courtesy of an oncoming motorist, with the result that I was treated by him to a series of irate Morse signals!

My one and only real quarrel with this car is that in transferring my right foot from the accelerator pedal to the brake pedal—which is all the more frequently necessitated by reason of the fact that the hand-brake is only really a parking brake—I had to raise my knee nearly up to the steering wheel, as the brake pedal is on a so much higher level than the accelerator. I was particularly pleased with the suspension and with the comfortable and roomy body which, on the car I tested, was trimmed with English leather, the price complete being only £350. Petrol consumption worked out at a reliable 20 m.p.g., and while the speedometer-dial is calibrated up to 110 m.p.h., I had no difficulty in attaining 80 m.p.h.



The Alvis Tourer (a 4·3-litre open four-seater is shown here) is a good answer to the call of the road which so many people felt during this record month of warmth

WITH spring upon us and Easter not far ahead, many new motorists will soon be taking the road for the first time. Holiday tours will be planned, week-end runs arranged and maps consulted. In this connection, motorists, old and new, will be interested in the new R.A.C. Quarter-Inch Maps of England, Wales and Scotland. This series, which is printed and published by John Bartholomew and Son, Ltd., comprises twelve sheets covering Great Britain, and is designed particularly for the tourist. Printed in five colours, it shows road numbers and distances between towns, and includes, with each sheet, a comprehensive index with plans of every important town shown on the map. The price per sheet is 2s. 6d. printed on paper and 4s. 6d. on cloth, while the cost of a special cloth-covered case to hold eight sheets is 7s. 6d. These maps are obtainable from the Touring Department of the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1938)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (14th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

Holders: MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM and MRS. A. H. GILLIGAN.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 22nd, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (14th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 22nd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 25th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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NOTHING OVER 8½ GNS

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT 19
(SECOND FLOOR)

(*Above*) TWO-PIECE comprising WOOL edge-to-edge Coat with Gown in Silk crêpe of novel design finished with Bow of Piqué at neck and Silk Petersham ribbon belt to tone. Navy/pink, Navy/white, Lido/white, Black/white.
PRICE 8½ GNS.

(*At Right*) TWO-PIECE in Wool Angora with Carioca Silk Dress with new tucked Bodice; pleated skirt in Coat with Tie-Sash. In Duck-egg blue, Navy, Beaver, Black: Other colours to order.
PRICE 8½ GNS.

JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET, W.1 (CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Psyche Quarmby

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Quarmby, of 105, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5; she is to marry David Green, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Green, of Knapp House, Yeovil, Somerset

Bassano

Christine Scutt

Is the daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Scutt, of Thurnham Vicarage, Maidstone, and she is engaged to Geoffrey Llewellin-Evans, son of the late David Llewellin-Evans and Mrs. Evans, of 11, Langbourne Mansions, Highgate

Cannons of Hollywood

Ines Walter

Left: Ines Walter is the younger daughter of John Walter, of 5, Lowndes Street, S.W.1, the vice-chairman of "The Times" and great-great-grandson of its founder. She is to be married in July to Kalman de Buday, younger son of Colonel Gyula de Buday and Mrs. de Buday, Gizella Toth de Simahaza, of Csopah, Lake Balaton, Hungary

Poole, Dublin

Cecily Veronica Byrne

Is the only daughter of the late J. P. Byrne, Irish Resident Magistrate, and Mrs. Byrne, of Beauparc, Monkstown, Co. Dublin; she is to marry Ralph Leonard, son of Mr. P. Leonard, of St. Kevin's, Dartry, Dublin

Pearl Freeman

Ann Mackilligin

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Mackilligin, of Foley Lodge, Claygate; she is engaged to Bernard Maurice Kemp-Gee, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Kemp-Gee, of 51, New Cavendish St., W.1

Fayer of Vienna

Penelope Maffey

Is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Maffey, of Anmer Hall, King's Lynn, and is engaged to William Traven Aitken, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Aitken, of Toronto. Her father was Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, retired last year, and is now a director of Imperial Airways

Pearl Freeman

Oona McNair

Is the eldest daughter of the Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University and Mrs. Arnold McNair, and is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. John Altham, son of Captain E. Altham, of Little Shelford, Cambridge

Vandyk

Violet Patricia Jorgensen

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. R. Jorgensen, of Bushy Ruff House, near Dover, and is to marry Michael Bell, Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Broom House, North Side, Morpeth, Northumberland

Fayer of Vienna

Pamela Scrimgeour

Pamela Scrimgeour, of Monewden Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, is engaged to Ralph Mordaunt Snagge, youngest son of Sir Mordaunt Snagge, the judge, and Lady Snagge, of Cedar House, Iver, Bucks.

Lenare

Margaret Campbell-Preston

Margaret Campbell-Preston is engaged to Raymond Boring, younger son of Sir Godfrey Boring, Bt., of Nubia House, Cowes, I.O.W. She is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Campbell-Preston and Mrs. Campbell-Preston, of Ardchattan Priory, Connel, Argyll

Cannons of Hollywood

Erica Clayton-East

Erica Clayton-East's wedding to Capt. John K. M. Gordon, the Welch Regiment, will take place on April 23rd at Marlow. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Clayton-East and Lady Clayton-East, of Hall Place, Maidenhead. Her fiancé is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gordon, of Nettlestone, I.O.W.

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Bury

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bury, of 11, Holland Villas Road, W.14; she is to marry Lionel Henry Tew, R.A., son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Tew, of Moorlands, Haxby, York

Lenare

Cecilia Rodwell

Is the elder daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Rodwell, of Woodlands, Holbrook, Suffolk, and is engaged to Robert David Blackwell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Blackwell, of Englewood, Hatch End, Middlesex

Catherine Bell

Lamorna Hingston

Is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. B. Hingston, of 64, Fitzgeorge Avenue, W., and is engaged to George Robert Turner Cain, Royal Norfolk Regiment, only son of Captain G. Turner Cain, J.P., of Marsh House, Wells, Norfolk

Bassano

Kathleen Hemelryk

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hemelryk, of Henfryn Hall, Dyserth, North Wales; she is engaged to Capt. John Malcolm Harvey, the King's Regt., son of the late Major F. J. W. Harvey, V.C., and Mrs. Harvey, of Byeways, Newtown, Newbury

Lenare

Dorothy Haslam

Dorothy Grace Clare Haslam, elder daughter of the late Major A. H. Haslam and Mrs. Haslam, of Oakfield, Weston, Bath, will be married in Baghdad on April 16th to Paul Richard Hart, only son of the late Leonard Hart and Mrs. Hart, of 76, Queensway, W.2

Lenare

Sybil Lorna Dennis

Is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. Dennis, of Down Ampney House, Glos., and she will marry in April Arthur Bernard Whitaker, second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Whitaker, of Pudlicote, Charlbury, Oxon

Getting Married *(Continued)*

Tracy — Ainsworth

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut. Hugh Gordon Henry Tracy, R.N., eldest son of Comdr. and Mrs. A. F. G. Tracy, of Canford Cliffs, Dorset, married Muriel Ainsworth, younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. R. B. Ainsworth, of The Ivy House, Hampton Court. The child attendants were Alison and Keith Mackenzie, niece and nephew of the bride

Mackenzie — Dalziel

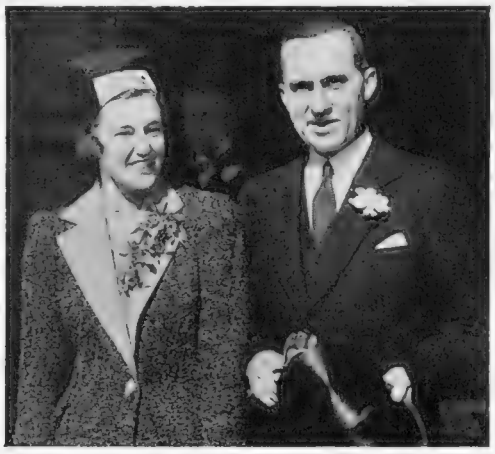
Charles Mackenzie, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Mackenzie, of Druim, Inverness, had to wait while his bride fixed her veil after their marriage at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. She is Nancy Veronica Dalziel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dalziel, of Sydney Lodge, Whitehouse Loan, Edinburgh

Barrow — Newton

Raymond Charles Barrow, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. D. Barrow, of Farmington Lodge, Northleach, Glos., and Nancy Newton, only daughter of the late G. E. Newton and Mrs. Newton, of Notton, Lacock, Wiltshire, were married at Lacock Parish Church

Beauclerk — Walker

Charles Frederick Aubrey De Vere Beauclerk, son of the late Aubrey Topham Beauclerk and Mrs. Beauclerk, of Beau Séjour, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and Nathalie Walker, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Walker, of Winton House, Denham, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington



Harrill — Howenstein

Comdr. William Keen Harrill, U.S. Navy, of Nashville, Tennessee, Assistant Naval Attaché (for aviation) at the American Embassy in London, and Mrs. Elizabeth Swigart Howenstein, of Washington, D.C., were married at the Caxton Hall re ister office

Terry — Swan

Charles Terry and Una Swan were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Terry, of The Crescent, Alverstoke, Hants.; she is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. R. H. J. Swan, of 75, Wimpole Street, W.1

French — Oldfield

Surgeon-Lieut. Stanley Gay French, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gay French, of Harley House, W.1, married Dorothy Oldfield at All Saints', Hull. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. W. F. Oldfield, of 1, Hymers Avenue, Hull

Windle — Standen

Christopher Gervase Windle, of Singapore, third son of the late Rev. W. H. Windle, and Mary Wyatt Standen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Standen, of Westways, Sevenoaks, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

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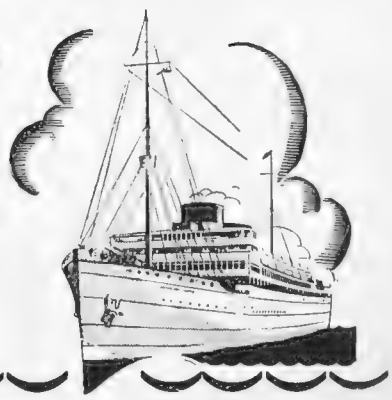

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 30—April 5

First Night and Matinèe dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FLOOD TIDE.—A promising plot from an A. P. Herbert novel is not as gripping as it should be, but is well played by Ernest Thesiger, Basil Sydney, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott: Phœnix, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE KING OF NOWHERE.—In Bridie's play about the borderlines of personal and political sanity, Marda Vanne plays a dominating spinster, Laurence Olivier a deranged actor who would be a dictator: Old Vic, 8. (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROAD TO GANDAHAR.—Malcolm Keen and Lilli Palmer in some exciting Persian incidents; a first play: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just the same as ever, in a plot and setting not worth considering: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play, with Harcourt Williams and Frank Napier, is from a Latin tract found at Canterbury: Westminster, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

"So This Is Charm"

Ronnie Bowyer and Jeanne Ravel are English dancers who joined the vivacious supper-show at Grosvenor House this week

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess, with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

MOONSHINE.—Gordon Harker produces this farcical Irish comedy by A. G. Thornton: Ambassadors, to-night, 30th.

THE PAINTED SMILE.—A play about the lovable and simple life of the circus: New, Thurs., 31st.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oskar Homolka plays a doctor who dictates his terms for saving mankind, C. V. France supports: Savoy, Tues., 5th.

CINEMAS

BOY OF THE STREETS (American).—Jackie Cooper is the boy—enough said: Plaza.

BRINGING UP BABY (American).—Katharine Hepburn goes crazy in a good socialite satire with Cary Grant: Gaumont.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (British).—Elissa Landi and Robert Donat are in this revival: London Pavilion.

DOUBLE CRIME SUR LA LIGNE MAGINOT (French).—The setting for this exciting story is the authentic line of French forts, with shots authorised by the War Ministry: Academy.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

THE FIRST 100 YEARS (American).—Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce in this: Empire.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (American).—Spectacular, musical, funny, stuffed with stars like Zorina, Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, this is money's-worth all right: Odeon.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Deanna Durbin's newest is not so different; Herbert Marshall lends tone: Leicester Square.

NINA PETROVNA (French).—Isa Miranda is the mistress of a Viennese baron (Aimé Clariond) but loves a penniless officer (Fernand Gravey); tragic fare: Curzon.

THE PURITAN (French).—This is a prize film with Pierre Fresnay, Vivianne Romance and Jean-Louis Barrault: Berkeley.

SCARFACE (American).—Paul Muni and George Raft in a revival of the gangster clean-up thriller: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

LA TENDRE ENNEMIE (French).—A sweet, sad tale not unlike *Un Carnet de Bal* about young love and the ghosts of old love: Studio One.

TOVARICH (American).—A polished version of the stage success with Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert: Marble Arch Pavilion.

VESSEL OF WRATH (British).—Charles Laughton is a beachcomber, Elsa Lanchester is a missionary in a lively version of Maugham's South Sea short: Regal.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—To-night, 30th, 8.

CASSE-NOISETTE, LAC DES CYGNES pas de trois, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 31st, 8.30.

FAUST with ballet.—Fri., 1st, 8.

FIDELIO.—Sat., 2nd, 2.30.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 2nd, 8.

GREYSTEEL AND THE IMPRESARIO.—Tues., 5th, 8.

MUSIC

Recitals

YEHUDI MENUHIN.—A recital with his sister Hephzibah: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 31st, 8.30.

PAUL ROBESON.—With Lawrence Brown, Anton Maaskoff and Edna Iles: Albert Hall, Sun., 3rd, 3.

Concerts

RACHMANINOFF AND THE L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Beethoven's C major concerto, Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Haydn's 102nd Symphony, Sibelius' Tapiola: Queen's Hall, Sat., 2nd, 3.

BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION.—The Bach choir under Reginald Jaques, with six soloists and two orchestras: Queen's Hall, Sun., 3rd, 11 (second part, 2.30).

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. under Beecham in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 3rd, 3.15.

SERENADE CONCERT.—The L.P.O. under Menges in Mozart's Paris Symphony, Mendelssohn's E minor violin concerto (Szigeti), Respighi and Schubert: Sadler's Wells, Mon., 4th, 9.

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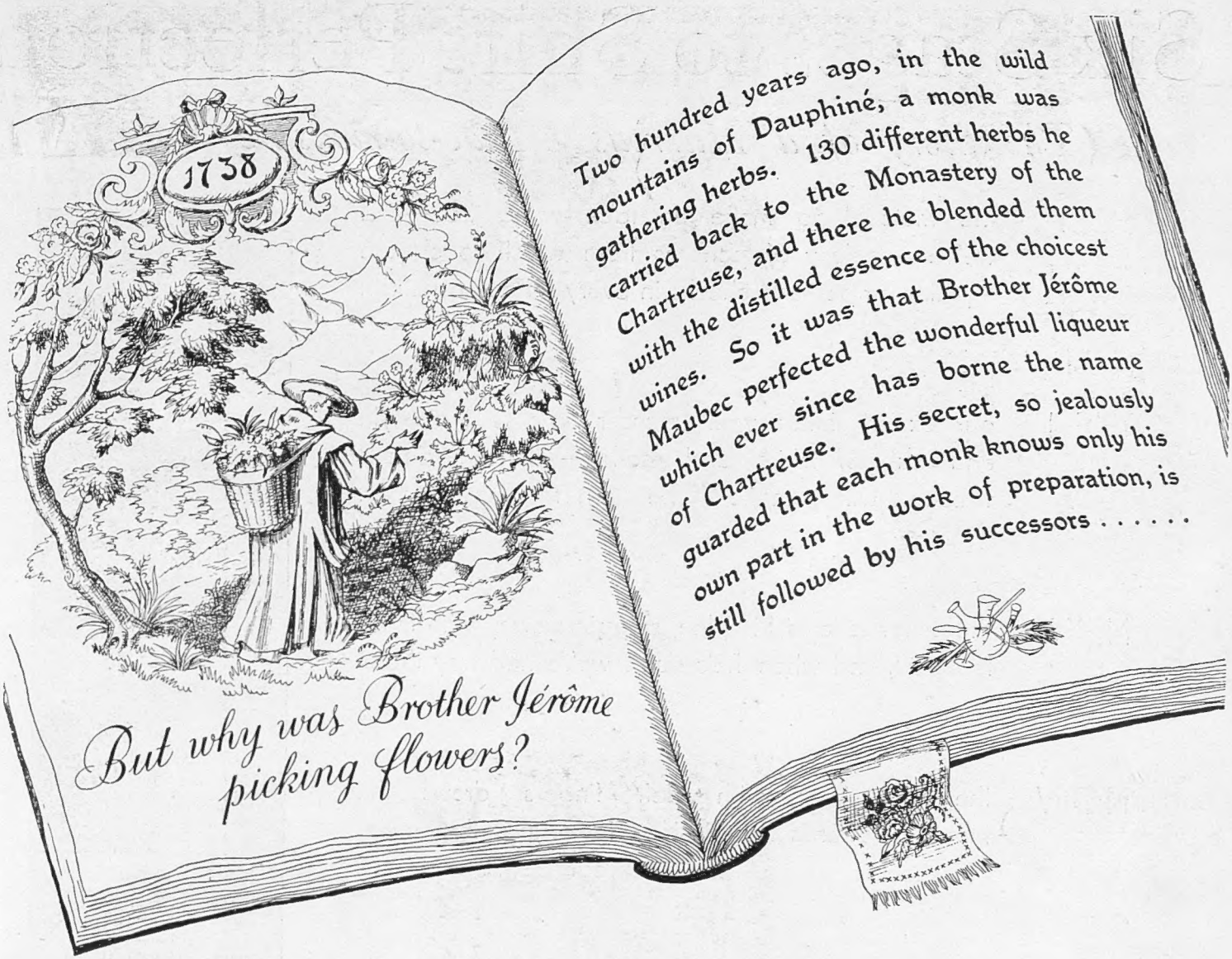

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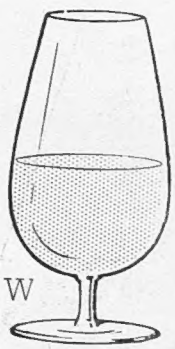

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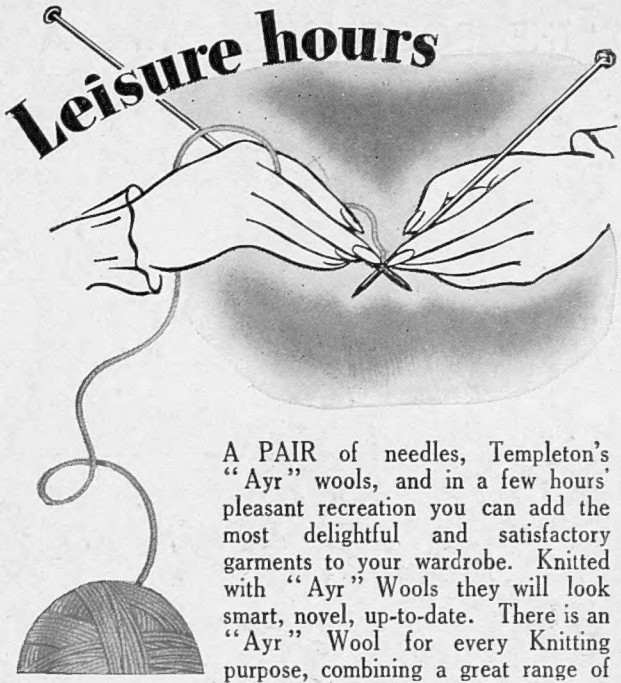

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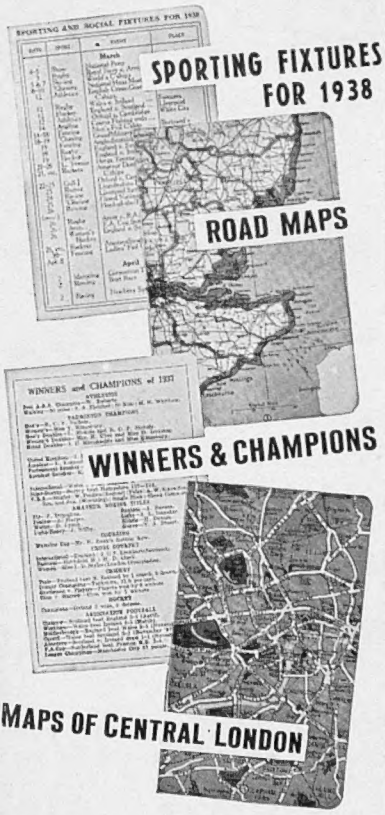

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Each of them carried an aching heart;
They'd had an unlucky day.
They'd known a good thing and backed it well
But their 'bookies' couldn't pay.

"Someday we'll settle," the 'bookies' had said.
"But just this time were 'bowled'
"The odds were too long and so many bets.
"Our hearts are of oak not gold.
"Where is the man who could stand such a loss
"And pay before he's old?"

Up under that spreading chestnut tree
The village policeman bobbed,
"You blokes look down and out," said he.
So they spoke of the hopes that were robbed.
The heart-breaking story was painfully told.
Till the policeman almost sobbed.

"Get up, you fellows," said he at last,
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"There is a man with a heart of gold—
"He's **DUGGIE** the Lad with NO Limit.
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